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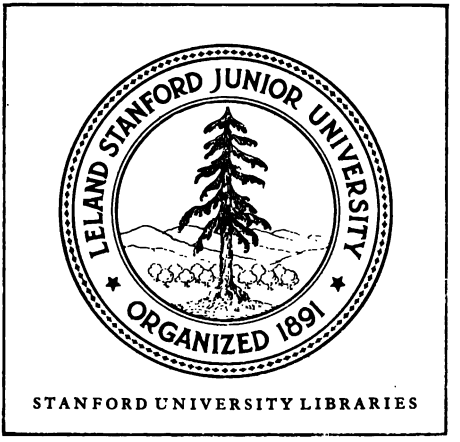

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WOMAN:

OR,

IDA OF ATHENS.

VOL. III.

(Morgan, Sydney (Owenson) = Lady.

WOMAN:

OR,

IDA OF ATHENS.

BY MISS OWENSON,

AUTHOR OF THE "WILD IRISH GIRL," THE "NOVICE OF ST. DOMINICK," &c.

"Nul doute qu'on ne s'elevat aux plus grands choses si l'on avoit l'amour pour precepteur — et que la main de la beauté jetta dans notre ame les semences de l'esprit et de la vertu."

Helvetius, Discours 2d, p. 153.

"Si le desir et meme l'espoir de voir un jour la liberté rendu aux Grecs ne sont que des chimères, on doit pardonner ces douces illusions a ceux dont l'enfance a eté consacrés a l'etude de leur gloires, et a l'admiration de leur vertus."

De Choiseuil, Voyage Pittoresque, p. 8.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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WOMAN;

OR,

IDA OF ATHENS.

THE SACRIFICE.

In those few and brilliant moments of existence, when that blissful feeling which nearly sums up every joy in one, visits the heart, and seizes on every faculty of the mind, how submit to the cold dictates of the prudence that condemns, or to the influence of the reason, that cautions?

Ida, tender and ardent, for the first time truly conscious of loving, and of

being loved, gave herself up without reserve to that train of enchanting emotions, a conviction so sweet and powerful was calculated to inspire. She was insensible to the coldness with which her father received her on his return. In the note which he presented her from her diako, she perceived a health and spirit, which lurked not in its faint and almost illegible lines. The tone of her awakened feelings was calculated to bestow a brilliant character on every object; and she thought that all smiled without, because all within was love, and peace, and joy. She retired early to her apartment to give herself up to reflections only less dear than the felicity that awakened them. She slept but little, and her broken dream was sweet as the vigil that preceded it. She arose with the dawn, and frequently visited the kiosk of her apartment, in the hope

of finding within its casement the flowers which were to inshrine the expected billet—the tender breathings of that heart which now throbbed so responsive to her own; but during the whole of the day, neither the flowers, nor the note, crowned the sanguine hopes of Ida; and a shade deeper than even that of disappointment, clouded the brilliant spirits and glowing feeling which hitherto animated her existence; in love's hour the vicissitudes of an age are registered. The morning sun had risen in a brilliancy not its own, to the happy senses of Ida—its evening beam found her sad and pensive. She was seated in her gymasium, at her embroidery, surrounded by her domestic circle. Her father reclined on an Ottoman, smoked his hoakoh; and a silence, almost sullen, was only interrupted by a few laconic sentences, in which the merit of the

Disdar-Aga was detailed, and the singular opinions and imprudent conduct of the diako were arraigned.

Ida was accustomed to this. The Disdar-Aga had fastened on the weaknesses, of the archon's character; while he availed himself of his interest and influence with his compatriots, into whose secret factions he frequently penetrated, through the medium of the archon's intelligence and unguarded conduct—while the diako inevitably betrayed a superiority which his brother's interests prevented him from opposing, but which his characteristic pride and national vanity rendered insupportable. His observations on both now acquired a peculiar poignancy from the interview he had with the one on the preceding morning, and with the other on that of the present day.

The diako had settled all his worldly

affairs; and had bequeathed to the archon, in the presence of a cadi, the whole of his property in Athens, with the exception of ten purses to Osmyn, whom he had previously adopted by the name of "*Child of his Soul*," according to the Turkish law*; and this instance of partiality to a person whom the prejudices and the fears of the archon had taught him to hate, lessened his sensibility to the generosity of his brother-in-law, which he now looked on as a matter of course, dependent upon the the affinity of their kindred. He made no reply to the encomiums lavished by the diako on the character of Osmyn; and the venerable friend of Ida perceived the inefficacy of urging a suit which time alone could crown with success, and was silent on that subject which engaged the last of his mortal thoughts.

* See note (a) at the end of the volume.

But while his vacillating affections thus cooled in their ardour to a benefactor who would soon cease to exist, they warmed towards him whose kindness was the result of his own interested and selfish views. The Disdar had appointed him to the government of a little district in Livadia, and merely added to his nominal consequence, while he made him the instrument of his own insatiate rapacity.

Ida guessed not at the immediate causes which now influenced the insinuations of her father relative to the friend whom she loved, and the tyrant whom she feared; but she observed their poignancy, and the tear that stole at intervals from her eye, fell unobserved on her work, and was brushed away only to be succeeded by another.

It was just after one of those acrimonious speeches which, when aimed at a

character we revere, carries to the heart that pang of indignant feeling which proudly checks the effort of vindication friendship dictates, that Ida, unwilling to listen, and unable to reply, arose to leave the gymnasium, when a slave abruptly entered it, followed by Osmyn. A faint exclamation burst from Ida's trembling lips; she sunk back upon her seat; emotions of anger, amazement, and contempt, distorted the features of the archon. The children recognized their friend, and addressed and welcomed him by his name. Ida concealed her face in her veil, and the eyes of Osmyn were rivetted on her person. In a moment every other feeling seemed absorbed in that with which he contemplated her.

The archon measured his figure with his eyes.

"Who are you?" he demanded, with a stern and haughty coldness.

"An Athenian!" replied Osmyn, with that firm and motionless dignity which belongs alone to great minds.

"And a slave!" retorted the archon, contemptuously.

"He only is a slave who is the friend of tyranny," replied Osmyn. "He only s a freedman whom the truth makes free."

"Your business here?" demanded the archon, pale with stifled rage.

"Alas!" returned Osmyn, his eyes, his countenance, his voice softening into sorrowful emotions, "Alas! it is a sad one——your friend!"——he paused, and turned his looks on Ida. She had started from her seat;—she had dropt her veil. Terror, suspense, a thousand various feelings, were visible in her

countenance. Osmyn approached her: he fell at her feet—he took a hand whose touch, more precious than life, was chill as death itself, and drawing from his finger a ring of dark and plaited hair, and placing it on Ida's, he said, in a low and tremulous voice, "This little ring is an appropriate gift! its circle is symbolic of eternity! It was only relinquished with life itself; and it was the wish of him who bequeathed it, that Ida should receive it from one whose tender smypathy should share her sorrow, even though it denied him to soothe and solace her regrets." Osmyn pressed the hand that lay almost lifeless in the clasp of his; he struggled to suppress the feelings that agitated his soul. He arose: coldly saluted the archon as he passed him, and said, with an air composed and dignified, "Archon, the dying command

of that friend who is no more, brought me to your house; the duty was sacred; it is now obeyed." Then, not daring to indulge his eyes with one look at Ida, he rushed out of the apartment, and Ida fell senseless in the arms of her Paramana.

TO IDA.

"SACRED be the sorrow of a young, a tender, an unpractised heart, whose faculty of suffering is first called into being by that irreparable loss which human power can neither compensate or soothe, let not even the glowing hand of love draw aside the veil that shades the mourner's head in the first era of passionate affliction—let not even friendship violate the mystic sadness that hangs upon the first days of unutterable an-

guish, when the heart still clings to the tie which is wrenched from it for ever, and doubts the possibility of an eternal separation. But when time, and nature, so favorable and so healing to the wounded soul and lacerated feeling of the human sufferer, have assuaged the anguish and soothed the pang of newborn woe into the tender melancholy of resigned affliction, then, Oh! Ida, may not love, trembling to intrude, yet languishing to sympathize—may not respectful, timid love, approach the mourning object of its fond idolatry, chase from the lovely cheek the lingering tear, and echo back the bosom's tender sigh, and soothe the sadness it is so sweet to share.

"All Athens speaks of Ida's tender and profound regret for him who taught all Athens to revere him.

"But Ida's sorrows, like her joys, can

ne'er be even guessed at by a world where none resembles, and none can understand her.

"Yet, oh Ida! is there not *one* whose soul has caught its spark from your's—whose heart is worthy to adore you, yet is HE only banished from your presence? Day after day I hover near your dwelling. I behold with envy the indifferent persons admitted to your father's house; and are they all indifferent? To-day I saw the Disdar-Aga enter ——Ida, you dare not violate that sacred promise! I know his manners rise superior to his country's sullen character—I know him handsome, powerful, rich, and enamoured! yet, still I have your promise. Why was your cheek so flushed when I beheld you at the casement of his harem? Why! Madman!—Have not I pressed you to my heart!—Have not you bid me live—

and—live for you! Last night I faintly swept my lyre's chords beneath your casement; you drew aside the lattice, and some one then approaching, obliged me to retire. To-night I shall again thus lure you to your window. You will then receive these lines, and I will wait beneath for one, one single line, which Love perhaps may dictate, and Sorrow not deny. OSMYN."

TO OSMYN.

"I WAS not then deceived. My heart responded to those tones which your's alone could breathe. To-day they told me you were proscribed—pursued.—They said your life was forfeited.—They said, too, that Jumeli pleaded—pleaded for you to her father, and provoked the Disdar's rage. Happy Ju-

meli! Oh, Osmyn! your note was my salvation; for this night I purposed to break my vow, to fly to the Acropolis, and save your life. The effort now, I trust, is needless, and Ida was deceived."

TO IDA.

"IT is true Ida—I am proscribed! pursued! I was observed loitering near the citadel the day you visited the Disdar's daughter; and tyranny and power can seldom want pretence for persecution. Hitherto an impenetrable disguise has enabled me to escape their vigilance; and I encounter risks in still remaining in Livadia; but he whom love and patriotism animates, is his own destiny. Stamati, generous and imprudent, has offered me asylum, but if I fall, I fall alone! All day I wander

amidst these now melancholy shades that witnessed my growing passion—my only days of pure felicity. Soon as the sun declines, I hover near the spot thy presence hallows: then join the little band of patriots, whom the sympathy of virtue, the sacred love of freedom, unite and consecrate; and then, veiled by the shades of night, I sleep amidst the mighty ruins of my country's former greatness—and when thy seraph image visits not my dream, the shades of the athenian heroes seem to hover round me, and shed their glory o'er my sleeping vision.

"Oh, Ida! thou who inspiredst my youthful heart at once with love, and glory's deathless passion, shall I e'er win, as I would fain deserve thee—shall the ardent feelings of that soul with which thine own pure spirit has communed, be given their scope—assert

their claims to higher fortune—and find these claims allowed by that high power which men call fate. Ida, I am beloved by thee! You cannot now deny it! You know not who I am, and yet you love me—but you know what I am, and therefore do you love me.—'Twas not thy words confessed it! 'twas not thine eyes betrayed it!—but in that sacred moment, when the vestal's love sought sanction in the woman's fears, and when you pressed so close these hearts——Oh, Ida! I cannot longer live without beholding you!"

TO OSMYN.

"Osmyn, I know not who you are, and scarce desire to know. Be your birth what it may, or poor or princely, it cannot make you nobler in my eyes,

nor e'er degrade you in my mind's esteem. The sacred love of virtue warms your soul; genius and patriotism deify your character; and all your feelings adapt your whole existence to love and tenderness. These are endowments of heaven's own gift; and after these, how poor and low the honours man confers. It is also true I love you, most tenderly, most passionately! but if to tell thee so is weakness, it is the sole weakness that love itself shall teach me to commit.

"Oh, Osmyn! why endeavour to conceal from you what perhaps you already suspect—what you must eventually know? If reason, if nature sanction our loves, a duty, now paramount to every other, forbids it. I am not yet a wife; then thy law were mine; but I am still a daughter, and sentiment, no less than duty, deters me from openly op-

posing the wish and will of him, hitherto so dear, so tender, and indulgent. I am, indeed, a thing inconsequent; yet in the great chain of social compact I form a little link—the country which respects me! the father who depends on me! the brothers who look up to me!

"Oh, Osmyn! I can risk my life for your salvation, and glory in the sacrifice! but I cannot live degraded in your eyes and in my own. The true point of virtue is to immolate the selfish for the social good; and that point I am worthy to attain, since I am beloved by you."

TO IDA.

"Is then the sweet tide of pleasure always to have its reflux of bitterness? Is the ecstasy of a moment to be purchased by the sufferings of an age?—

Has the happiness I had never hoped, and was unworthy to enjoy, become the source of my misery? and having tasted of heaven, am I become unfit for earth? Oh, Ida! what does this portend? Do you already repent that goodness by which I received from your hands a new sense of being? Do you wish to tear from my heart the memory of a moment? Alas! the effort is in vain. Oh, no; it would be the last violence of nature to extinguish the memory of a bliss, which, by a sweet and eternal habit of recurrence, gains with every added hour a more absolute possession of our soul.

"Ida, you bade me love—and live for you! From that moment life, and even love itself, assumed a new aspect to my senses and my soul. The duties, the occurrences, the pursuits that once impelled and actuated my being, all are

now overwhelmed in a sentiment, whose impetuosity resembles the whirlwind which tears away in its career of wild destruction, every object, every particle within its sphere. My whole frame is but a wandering phantom, into which another spirit is transferred, than that with which heaven had endowed it: and my restless heart still pursues you like the shadow which is but the reflection of a superior image, to which it still points with invariable fidelity. By a strange paradox of feeling, the supremacy of my bliss has become the source of my unutterable misery. In proportion as I feel the duties of my situation, I feel my total incapability to effect their accomplishment; and my sense of right still sharpens, as my inefficiency to adhere to it increases.—The claims which bound me to society are slackened, the fire that warmed my

bosom for my country's weal is chilled. I no longer live for the world, or for Athens. I no longer cherish that passionate love of glory, and of fame, which animated and guided my earlier feelings—I live for Ida! alone for Ida! and love is the only passion of which my soul is susceptible. Ida, I must see you! I must hear you! It is your absence that renders you terrific—your presence is less fatal; it at least tranquilizes the imagination. The holy calm of your sweet and vestal countenance soothes the fever which your charms, when ideally dwelt on, excite. You alone can counteract the effects of which you alone are the cause. Yes, Ida, if I am mad, tis you alone that have awakened my frenzy: it is you alone that can restore me to reason. There is at the foot of the hill of the Acropolis, and at no great distance from

your residence, a cave, which now sometimes serves as a christian oratory, and is dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary. It is also anciently sacred to the loves of Apollo and Creusa. If I am not to behold you in your father's house—if you will not, if you cannot come to the retreat of our late friend, to-night I shall expect you in the oratory of *our Lady of the Cavern*, this spot so remote and so sacred, so consecrated by religion, and by love, so devoted to the memory of a celestial chastity, and an immortal passion. Oh, Ida! on earth there is no other spot so worthy of receiving you: so worthy of re-uniting two beings, whose sentiment of tenderness is pure and ardent as those characters by whose memory that spot has become hallowed."

TO OSMYN.

"It is for a common woman to inspire a common passion. Ida of Athens would hope to find in the lover, her heart has chosen, the man whom her reason must approve, and the hero on whom her imagination could dwell with triumph and with pride.

"Oh, Osmyn! had your soul been susceptible of no other sentiment than that of love, would you have been preferred to the first and most amiable of the athenian youth? No; I chose you for yourself alone! I chose you because I believed you capable of a great passion, and of those heroic actions which a great passion alone inspires! It is not for a tame and moderate character to feel that pure, that ardent and sacred sentiment, which in its true and highest

assist my passion, because my passion rendered all nature subservient to its feelings!

"When the ardor of a meridian sun drove me with Ida to those shades, whose luxurious melancholy breathed love's own character; when the pure beam of a midnight moon lured us to those haunts; where the delicious emanations of balsamic flowers communicated a sweet inebriety, and effused their odour even to the imagination; yet then, even then, in those shades where love alone presided, did not the celestial calm of Ida's soul communicate its character of pure tranquillity to Osmyn's ardent feelings, and made him blush to feel or offer human homage to one who, sainted in his heart and fancy, seemed only worthy to receive devotions almost holy.

"Oh, Ida! you stand alone, and I can find no parallel for your perfections.—

I am young—I love—and am a Greek—but if love has made me frantic, can love render me unworthy. It were impiety towards heaven, and profanation towards you, to think it.

"Prove me, try me, convince me I am beloved; become at once my inspiration and my reward, and then behold what the soul of man can effect, under the perfect developement of a profound sensibility—of that sensibility which you have so often said 'is the source of all human excellence, and of whose affections virtue itself is but composed.'

"The cause of Athens demands my warm exertions; but my feelings, agitated and diverted from its interest, want that reposing confidence in your love that can alone restore them to their native tone. Come then, sweet Ida! come and pour thy spirit in my soul!—if not for love's dearer sake, at least for

that of Athens, come: at once formed to be the daughter of a Cato, or the mistress of an Alcibiades—lovely in thy patriotism, as powerful in thy tenderness. I swear by all my soul holds sacred, that from the persuasion of thy lips only will I be lured back to that cause from which thou alone couldst sever me. Oh, Ida! remember the amulet—remember the song of Canziani—remember, 'that if it is for man to perform great actions; 'tis for woman to inspire them.

"To-morrow night, then, Ida, in the Oratory of the Lady of the Grotto, it is no common cause demands thy presence—it is not love alone—it is thy country that solicits it."

TO OSMYN.

"I COME to restore you to your country! to revive that love of glory you were created to feel! to re-animate that fading spark of virtue which the ill-directed violence of an unhappy passion has for a moment chilled!

"I have much to tell thee—I have much to hear. It is love, now worthy of the name—it is patriotism with which no vice was e'er associated, that leads me to you. You invoke me in my country's name, and I obey the sacred invocation. Oh, Osmyn! not more the friend of my heart than the hero of my soul; to-night, when the Castriani have called out the twelfth hour from the walls of the Acropolis, thou shalist behold me at its base; but attempt not to leave the grotto—approach not my

father's house. I already tremble for thy temerity, and feel thy danger through my country and myself."

The house of the archon Rosemeli lay near the Lanthern of Demosthenes, and at no great distance from the Oratory of our Lady of the Grotto; but the night was gloomy, and the heart of Ida was appalled for the first time as she stole from the safety of her paternal home. Every movement awakened a new fear; the trembling of the leaves made her shudder: and she paused, overcome, as the deep hallow of the Castriani struck on her ear. At that moment she beheld an indistinct form gliding towards her—her heart trembled between its instinctive hope and natural fears: nor was its palpitation tranquillized when she felt her sinking form supported

by Osmyn's arms. His emotion was scarcely less than her's. He could only pronounce her name, and almost bore her in his arms towards the grotto. For a moment they paused. Sounds of a religious strain met their ears. They approached the entrance of the grotto, and beheld it filled with a pious crowd, engaged in celebrating the midnight mass on the eve of the festival of some tutelar saint of the Greek church. The lumination of the wax tapers—the characteristic drapery of the bearded patriarchs and papas—the rolling clouds of incense—the ceremonies of a religion so fanciful in its forms, and the singular place in which they were celebrated, which in other times had witnessed the rites of a still more picturesque devotion, all combined to render the spectacle solemn, interesting, and romantic. Ida, whose head drooped on the shoulder

of Osmyn, raised her eyes to his. Their looks mingled with a faint smile, and both felt the tender ecstasy of a mutual feeling, even in a matter of taste, of sentiment, and fancy. But scarce a moment was allowed for the contemplation of a scene so singular, under circumstances of so peculiar and eventful a nature. Osmyn feared not for himself, but for Ida. The winds that roughly disordered her tresses—the night dews that fell upon her lightly-covered head—the apprehension of her being seen, all awakened the tremblings of his doating heart. He led her away in silence towards the porch of a little mosque, which lay at the brow of the Acropolis, in the midst of a Turkish cemetry, and was shaded by cypress trees. He assisted her in her ascent; and murmurs of tender encouragement, or affectionate apprehensions, answered by gentle as-

surances of courage and strength, alone broke on the stillness of a scene so solemn, and an hour so awful, till Osmyn abruptly pausing, seemed to listen to the sound of voices, whose louder tones Ida soon caught. Osmyn hurried her on towards the shelter of a tomb, at whose head the gaudy turban of some deceased Turk was placed; then drawing a small sword, he hurried down the ascent.

Ida heard the sound of voices grow louder: she thought she heard the clashing of arms. The frenzy of love and horror braced every nerve; her weakness was no more: she flew like lightning towards the spot from whence the noise appeared to issue. She beheld Osmyn engaged with two men. Fearless of danger, she shrieked and rushed between them. "Mercy!" she exclaimed. "Ida!" returned a voice,

and almost lifeless, yet not insensible, she fell in the arms of her father. But her sight, her feelings, failed not with her strength: she beheld Osmyn still engaged with his unknown adversary. She fell at her father's feet; her voice trembled with agony and passion.—"Save him," she exclaimed, "or behold me expire at your feet!" But the prayer was needless. Osmyn was victorious. The cimeter of his adversary was shivered in the air. He fled.—Osmyn still pursued him. A shriek of love and triumph broke from the lips of Ida!

"He conquers!" she exclaimed; "he is still victorious!" and fell senseless to the earth.

The passion of the disdar-aga for the archon's daughter was so cherished by circumstances, so combined with the strongest prejudices of his nature, so

linked with the most powerful ties of his interest, that it had begun to assume a character of durability in his heart, which obstacles served but to confirm. Aware of the increasing factions of the athenians, he was anxious to unite to his cause one of the most powerful and opulent of the athenian families. Enamoured of the beauty and genius of Ida, a resistance so seldom encountered, served but to enflame his love; and detesting, while he feared, the superiority of his former slave, he still suspected a rival, over whose destruction he no longer lingered. The days of Ida devoted to affliction for the loss of her best friend, left him no hope of obtaining an immediate interview; and still concealing his views from the archon, he still continued to exasperate his pride against the temerity of Osmyn, whom he affected to have discovered engaged in a

secret intercourse with Ida; and whom, under the pretence of political caution, and a supposed discovery of secret machinations against the Turkish empire in Greece, he had proscribed. But Osmyn, unknown but by his patriotism, undistinguished but by those brilliant qualities lavished on him by a partial nature, was surrounded by secret friends, while the aga invested with the sword of power, and the reins of empire, was environed by secret enemies. It was thus that Osmyn escaped the vigilance of a tyrant in all the plenitude of command; it was thus the disdar vainly pursued a slave, whose genius and whose virtue created their own destiny, and still withstood the power of the oppressor, while armed and animated in the cause of the oppressed.

But the unquiet and vehement love of Osmyn opposed its unguarded violence

to the general prudence of a conduct, which, in other instances, had been regulated by a circumspection seemingly incompatible with the passionate tone of his enthusiastic character; a circumspection which the reiterated counsels of his deceased friend had called into being, and which the impetuous but volatile character of the athenians, with whom he was coalesced, hourly confirmed. On the evening in which he had induced Ida to meet him in the grotto of Apollo; his solicitude, his impatience betrayed him into imprudences of which his love (invalued in its own feelings) took no account.

He had appeared less disguised than usual near the Acropolis, engaged in examining that rich, but consecrated spot, which he contemplated as the temple of his supreme felicity; and at whose entrance he had scattered those flowers,

whose breath he well remembered Ida loved to inhale. At night, he had again adjourned there, and had been remarked by the soldiers who guarded the walls of the citadel; and the disdar was soon informed of the suspicious appearance of the wanderer, who, within an hour of midnight, was seen to loiter beneath the ramparts of the fortress.

The fears and hopes of the aga equally assured him, the unknown could be no other than the daring, the unvanquishable Osmyn! And he issued forth with his capadilgar kiazessa, in pursuit of the imprudent, whose life he now conceived to be in his hands: while by strange commingleme nt of cowardice and intrepidity, he determined on assassinating him, whom he feared publicly to destroy. It was near the grotto of our lady that he encountered the archon, who, trembling with emotion, informed

him, that thus far he had traced the footsteps of his daughter, whom he had by chance discovered to have secretly left his house, and whom he had pursued, and lost amidst the increasing darkness of the night.

The aga listened to the detail with stifled rage; he perceived the Greek was armed, he dismissed the captain of the guard, and accompanied by the archon, continued his pursuit of the object of a double vengeance.

It was Osmyn, who seeking danger had thrown himself into its very arms—it was Osmyn who parried the vengeful efforts of Ida's father without returning them—it was Osmyn who vanquished and pursued the aga till he felt pursuit was almost dishonour: and till love, and love's profoundest apprehensions, hurried him back to the spot, where he had left Ida with her father; but all was dark and si-

lent, and Ida and her father had disappeared.

The archon Rosemeli had with difficulty borne the almost lifeless form of Ida home; they entered her gymnasium by the garden; it was faintly lit up by a single lamp. Ida sunk on a sopha, and the archon paced the chamber with that air of restless perturbation, which spoke a mind agitated by conflicting passions, whose overwhelming vehemence denied them utterance. The superior character of Ida, from her earliest youth, had inspired him with a respect for her genius, and a confidence in her virtue, her recent imprudence could not wholly vanquish. Her strength had so often supported his weakness, and her counsel had so often directed his conduct, that the sentiment existing between parent and child, seemed with them almost reversed; and the archon,

even in the moment when her obvious imprudence clashed equally with his prejudices, his interests, and his pride, believed her innocent in fact, though erroneous in feeling, and blameable in conduct.

He knew not how to arraign her whom he had hitherto revered—he knew not how to accuse, where he had hitherto only feared accusations, so powerful is the influence of a strong mind over a weak one.

He paused for a moment, and looking fully on her, he at last said:

"Archondessa! in what light have you appeared this night, in the eyes of your father and his friend?"

"As one," said Ida, tremulously, and supported only by conscious virtue, —"as one who loved innocently, but unfortunately—as one who, attached to virtue, was forced, by the prejudices of

others, to shroud her conduct in the mystery which should belong alone to vice."

"Then you openly confess your passion for this young and daring stranger?" he demanded, trembling with uncontrouled rage.

Ida fell at her father's feet, and concealed her blushes and her tears in the folds of her father's robe.

"For a slave!—a traitor!—an alien!" he continued.

"For him!" said Ida, indignantly, "who in all Athens dares alone to be free!—For a hero! and a patriot!"

"For him," continued the archon, passionately, "whose destiny, urged on by frontless bold temerity, marks him the victim of a speedy vengeance!"

"The destiny of genius and of virtue depend not on man!" said Ida, with enthusiasm: "It is blended with that

of the universe, and can only perish in the common ruin."

The weak but subtil mind of the Greek was struck by the firmness of her reply, and the grandeur of the air that accompanied it.

He paused for a few moments—his countenance changed its character—and he calmly asked, "Ida, knowest thou from whom thou art descended?—knowest thou that the noble, virtuous archon, Aristodemus* was the founder of thy family in Athens?"

"'Tis said so," replied Ida, meekly.

"That Athens boasts not of nobler blood, than that which flows in thy veins."

"I do believe it," she added, sighing.

* He flourished in the first year of the 107th Olympiad: the orations of Demosthenes were made in his archonship.

"And thou, Ida! thou who art so deep-versed in thy country's ancient laws, and modern habits, knowest thou not one by which athenian women are forbidden to wed another than an athenian citizen?—and that the alien who dares to wed the free athenian woman, was liable to slavery, and forfeiture of property*?"

"Such was the ancient law, I know," faintly answered Ida.

"And such the modern observance!" added the archon. "When does a true athenian, whom birth has rendered noble, violate the well-known precept 'when thou marriest, let it be thy equal?' And is it the archondessa Rosemeli, to whom all Athens looketh for

* For an account of the ancient laws of Athens, see Ælian, lib. 3, and Potter's Antiquities, page 158, vol. 1.

example, who would oppose her individual wishes, to a prejudice so favorable to her country's happiness, her country's good? Would Ida be the first to violate an ancient law which modern Greece respects, and still obeys; a law which still preserves the native greeks distinct and free from all impure alliance with turk, with infidel, with slaves, or strangers?"

"No, not even a prejudice would Ida violate, which could promote her wretched country's good!" replied the young athenian, with enthusiasm.

"Then, Ida, thou must resign this alien, whom none e'er knew but as the purchased slave of Achmet-aga—but as the object of my kinsman's ill-judged bounty—but as the suspected secret leader of a dangerous and devoted faction!"

Ida interrupted her father by tears

and passionate exclamations. She fell at his feet, and pressed his hands. "Oh! spare me!" she cried, "spare me! for still I love him!"

Her father gazed on her for many minutes, then turned aside his head and wept. Ida was overcome by a father's tears—she kissed his feet—she invoked him to have mercy on her. He raised her in his arms—he folded her to his heart—"You have conquered," he exclaimed, "but you have broken a parent's heart!—Go! seek out this unknown, wandering stranger! desert for him, all that has rendered thee superior and unequalled in the world's eyes!—the father whose life is bound in thine!—the brothers over whom you have acquired all the endearing rights of maternity!—that country, that native and unhappy country, which——"

"Never!" interrupted Ida, with an

exclamation of horror. "Father, you know not of what I am capable!—For the safety of him I love I would sacrifice a thousand lives!—For the family—for the country, on whom I doat, to whom I am bound, I would sacrifice my happiness!—would!—Oh, God!—I will!—I do!" She rushed to a little cabinet as she spoke, and, in a tremulous agitation, that betrayed the disorder of her feelings, wrote the following lines:

"TO OSMYN.

"FAREWELL!—the virtue that attracted us towards each other, separates us for ever!—To become yours, I must first become unworthy of you!—You are resigned—you are beloved—but if to tell you so be a weakness, 'tis the last

that even love itself shall lead me to commit.—Again, farewell!—I restore you to the country for whose service you were created—I return to the duties from which an unfortunate passion had nearly and for ever severed me.

"IDA."

Ida, with a trembling hand, and an averted head, presented the paper to her father—he glanced his eyes over it, and clasped her to his breast. Ida hung, faint and almost lifeless, on his shoulder; she felt his tears on her cheek, and they revived her; conscious virtue, and filial tenderness, were the paramount feelings of the moment: at last the archon said, "And this paper, which is the mandate of your father's happiness—how is it to be delivered?"

"Am I not worthy of your confi-

dence?" demanded Ida, with an anguished smile.

"Most worthy, dearest daughter!" he answered.

"Then," she added, with a profound sigh, "though I shall never again hold intercourse with him for whom it is intended, he shall receive it before the morning's dawn—but the virtue that teaches me to resign him, teaches me also to guard his life and safety, like a sacred trust, committed by heaven to my care."

"It is enough!" said the archon, with a perfect confidence in the innocent nature of her who had sacrificed her happiness to the promotion of his peace—"It is enough!" and calling down a blessing on her heart, he again embraced her, and bid her farewell, entreating her to seek that repose her exhausted nature called for.

The night was now far advanced; but Ida guided by the instinct of that heart, which was still enamoured even as it was wretched, sought the kiosk, beneath whose casement she believed it possible Osmyn even at that moment might wander, careless of the danger which his solicitude for her would tempt him at once to brave and despise.

The waning moon had just risen from behind a mass of clouds, and its faint beam fell on the form of a man, who, in an attitude at once anxious and desponding, leaned opposite the kiosk; the well-known form of Osmyn was not to be mistaken. For a moment Ida gave herself up to the contemplation of an object so dear, so dangerous.

That perfect, that unrivaled form, which she had never beheld without emotions of love and admiration---that beautiful countenance, in which the fire

of an ardent soul, the sensibility of a passionate heart, was so sweetly mingled; and those sighs borne to her ear by the death-like stillness of the hour, all roused to madness the enthusiastic feelings of love, and of despair. For a moment every lesser sentiment yielded to their force; she was on the point of rushing from the kiosk, of precipitating herself into those arms, where even death would be so much more welcome, than a life which love no longer blessed. The passionate affections of the youth---the profound feelings of the woman---the awakened tenderness of the mistress, loving, and conscious of being beloved, all overwhelmed the soul of Ida; already she was on the verge of yielding to an influence she no longer wished to resist.

Trembling with a two-fold emotion, she approached the door, which opened

on the path where Osmyn stood; she hesitated for a moment---her bosom throbbed---she panted for breath---the influence of love thrilled through a rame which love itself had formed---the power of an immaculate virtue lingered in that heart, which virtue had made her throne. Ida, agitated almost to dissolution, draws back the bolt of one door, while she hears footsteps approaching the other, which led to her own apartment: a moment only is given her to decide, and love itself renders virtue victorious! She fears for Osmyn even more than for herself! She flings down her letter from the casement---the struggle is over—she totters back, and is received in the arms of her paramana.

The absence of Ida had only been discovered by her father, who had observed, during the evening, that agitation of soul, which the consciousness of a first imprudence had awakened,

and which her natural and simple character was ill calculated to conceal. He had therefore visited her sleeping apartment, before he had retired to his own; and suspecting the object of her absence, had pursued, without betraying her to the family. The paramana awakened by a chance from a profound sleep, had heard the footsteps of the agitated Ida, as she passed through her apartment to the kiosk; and trembling lest indisposition should have seized her, she flew to her assistance. The appearance of Ida sanctioned her fears—the paleness of death covered her face—its coldness was in her touch. She was faint and motionless, and Kyra, scarce able to support her, bore her to her couch. The sweet waters which Kyra threw on her face, revived her; and she had the presence of mind to plead a sudden illness, and to affect a

recovery and calmness, which soothed the fears of her nurse, who at last complied with her repeated requests, and left her to take that repose, which resembled the heavy insensibility that hangs on the harrassed feelings of a suffering and exhausted heart.

To the violent tension of feelings, wrought up to their last excess of sensibility, a total relaxation of every faculty succeeded in the mind of Ida; but the first beam of the dawn, in chasing from her pillow the torpid and unrefreshing repose which hung on it, revived her sense of those acute anxieties, which had lulled her into a short oblivion of suffering, by the excess of suffering itself. It is a sad and melancholy moment, when the chill gloom of a grey and comfortless dawn mingles its sombre influence with the awakening remembrance of an affliction, which a transient forgetfulness had banished from the

memory and the heart. Ida shuddered to recollect she had solemnly renounced the only hope of happiness that she was then capable of conceiving; and the triumph of virtue, proud and glorious as it was, had not yet in its result compensated the sacrifice which love had made.

But the secret workings of the heart, always difficult to ascertain, even when least veiled from observation by the influence of the passions, are inscrutable to the woman who loves with tenderness, but not with prudence; and who, enamoured of virtue, centres her whole felicity in him whom virtue teaches her to forego. Ida felt (yet knew not) that a tender hope was gradually subduing the influence of a too prompt despair; and that the tears that flowed from her eyes, were not all tears of sadness.

For proud in the capability of resign-

ing him, on whom she doated, she was solaced in the conviction that she was still unresigned by him, to whom she was still dear.

Voluntarily to wrench the heart from the felicity to which it clings, is a violence done to nature, which nature always resists, till time and inevitable destiny reconciles us to that, which we at first submit to without believing the possibility of the effort we have made.

Certain of Osmyn having received her letter! trembling, yet anxious to receive his reply, she arose, and again visited the kiosk; beneath the little frieze of the casement, the usual place of deposit, she found a paper which enclosed a leafless rose, a decayed sprig of melissa, and the following lines illegibly written with a pencil:

TO THE ARCHONDESSA ROSEMELI.

"THAT it was not love which led thee to the cave of Apollo, thou hast thyself asserted; and I must now believe; that the much thou hadst to tell me, is couched in the lines I have this night received, thou wouldst infer! and I must now suppose, or Ida never loved, or loves no longer!—or!——

Lady, thou didst once think me worthy of thy love! and be the fate of that love what it may, Osmyn shall prove himself more worthy still to claim, and to obtain it. If it is virtue that deprives me of your heart, virtue shall yet restore it; but if 'tis woman's fickle fancy---if 'tis a rival's influence---if—Ida—I may go mad---but I can ne'er be vile. Thou mayest distract, but fate itself can ne'er subdue

me! Proscribed! pursued! unfriended and unknown, I am worthier thee, and freer, greater, happier still than Achmet-Aga in all his plenitude of pomp and power; happier,—Oh, Ida!—Farewell! Take back the flowers thy infant love bestowed; they are still symbolic of woman's fragile passion. But thou can'st not reclaim, nor restore the gem that recompensed the boyish effort, thy words converted to a patriot deed; nor can'st thou e'er obliviate, or I forget, that sentiment, that song, which waked the flame of glory, and my soul blended the love of woman and of fame; and led me still to emulate those deeds which valiant men perform, and creatures like thyself inspire, and recompense. Lady, farewell! once thou didst bid me live alone for thee; and I indeed too fatally obeyed thee. But that command withdrawn, and with it, that sweet hope that

made it so omnipotent, I live alone for virtue, freedom, and for Greece.

"OSMYN."

Ida covered this letter with her kisses, and bathed it with her tears. She saw in it all the traits that composed the character of Osmyn, tender, passionate, proud, dignified, and suspicious; not that suspicion which proceeds from a want of confidence in others, or oneself: but that restless jealousy of spirit which accompanies an ardent and tyrannic passion, which, though causeless, made the misery of his life, and would have hazarded the peace and happiness of her, who would have formed her destiny in his.

She languished to assure him of her unalterable love; to prove to him how unworthy and how unfounded were his

suspicions of the aga, and to convince him that the moment in which she had resigned him for ever, was that in which he was most dear to her affections, most necessary to her happiness; but the sacrifice was made, and she had no appeal from misery and from affliction.

The next day the archon, commending his sons and family to his daughter's care, with all the careless security that belonged to his flexible and national character, embarked on the Egean Sea, to prosecute some commercial speculation, and Ida was left to the now gloomy solitude of her gymnasium.

THE CONSPIRATORS.

If an immortal heroism is always found rearing its laurelled head amidst the struggles of republican virtues in

that stage of society, where wisdom constitutes the legislature---valour the commander---and the bright star of genius holds its ascendant in the galaxy of political consideration; if there exist in free governments certain springs to extraordinary exertion, which, when touched on by the pressure of circumstances, act with boundless influence---if the milder virtues, the gentler merits, rise and expand in that state, where the just equipoise of power excites no rivalry, and the poverty of the nation preserves the virtue and felicity of the people; it is under the goad and shackles of an oppressive tyranny, that human nature, borne down to its utmost power of sustention, by a bold and hazardous effort, rises to assert its rights. It is in the school of national adversity that patriotism and magnanimity receive their inspiration; and the inborn vigour

of the high superior mind betrays its power of resistance, and fertility of resource.

It was in the reigns of Cæsar and of Hippias, that Rome beheld her champion in Brutus, and Athens in Harmodius. It was at the moment that the Turks tightened the chain of oppression round the necks of the Greeks, that its tension became the pre-disposing cause of its fragility.

The islands of the Archipelago had long been ripe for insurrection; but the interesting, the affecting manifesto presented to the empress of Russia, evinced that in Athens there still existed men capable of recalling the memory of their glorious ancestors*.

But among the many little factions which private interest, intriguing cabal, and religious bigotry gave birth to, in

* See note (b).

the state of Attica, there was one (and it was the least) which consisted chiefly of men in that era of life, when even the errors of humanity are but the false extremes of its unregulated virtues---when the feelings, fresh and susceptible, still bear the brilliant gloss of unworn nature---when the vigour of manhood has steadied the impulsions of youth, and the experience of age has not yet chilled the ardour of hope.

It consisted of men who, sufficiently educated to know the former glory of their wondrous country, sufficiently independent to afford leisure to meditate on its existing state, soon learnt to behold its pristine freedom and felicity through the medium of a national pride, and a high-coloured imagination, and to feel its actual slavery and living misery, through the sympathy of mutual suffering, and national sensibility.

With the classic dreams of ancient heroism floating in their vivid fancies---with the splendid monuments of their ancestors glory mouldering before their eyes---with the wounds of a ruthless oppression rankling in their sensible hearts; this little band of patriots stood alone! they loved their country! they deplored her injuries! and they resolved to free her from the Turkish yoke, or perish amidst her ruins.

It was from them that Osmyn had received the letter and the Arabian courser; it was with them he had become coalesced during the life-time of his friend, through the medium of Stamati; and it was to them he presented the bequest of his generous benefactor, at a moment when the want of means to provide themselves with arms alone prevented them from effecting those views, on which their virtues, rather than their prudence speculated.

By this act, Osmyn had left himself almost destitute; but little remained of a sum found in the casket of the caloyer monk; but that little was sufficient for one whose wants were as moderate as his spirit was insatiable.

By this act, he had also fixed himself so deeply in the confidence of the young conspirators, that uniting their sense of his disinterested liberality to their consciousness of his superiority in the use of arms, his valour, his genius, and eminent personal endowments, they learnt to consider him as the guiding soul of their party, and elected him their chief, while uncertain whether he was not in worldly rank their inferior!

It is thus that genius and nature assert their great and powerful rights in moments of danger and exigency. The creative faculties of the superior mind are then alone resorted to--- the command-

ing energy of the physical strength is then depended on, and the high indisputable nobility of soul forms the sole distinction, to which deference is paid---to which the homage of respect is offered.

But Osmyn, while he daily grew with increasing influence on the hearts and admiration of his compatriots, suffered a passion to insinuate its power in his bosom, which could alone successfully oppose itself to the cause in which he had so warmly embarked.

As long as his love for Ida was but the pure affection of a spiritual intercourse, it mingled with his other views without destroying the energy with which they were pursued. But from the moment the full consciousness of being beloved, of forming the felicity, the very existence of a creature whose beauty, whose genius, whose virtue, and whose

sensibility, placed her in his glowing fancy, as one beyond the power of human rivalry! From the moment he had folded her to his heart---from the moment he had felt that gentle, ardent pressure, which spoke a soul love had wholly penetrated, he became lost to every thought but that which Ida inspired; and the most powerful, the most uncontroulable feeling of nature in that era of its existence, where it is most omnipotent, seized on every faculty of his being, and for a period weaned him from a sentiment, which, however great and good, is still but a sentiment of duty and reflection, warmed by enthusiasm, animated by associated affections, and consecrated by approving virtue! But the letter of Ida so unexpectedly received at a moment when love (inflamed by disappointment) led him to the casement, where more than

once she had charmed his senses, and influenced his life, inflicted a wound in his unprepared heart, deeper than that his supposed rival had a short time before meditated against it.

Counting on the nature of Ida's passion by his own, without calculating on the feelings that impelled, and the circumstances that governed her---without reflecting on the difference produced on the passions of the sexes, by the influence of education; and that the habitual restraint of woman becomes a faculty of his existence, which, when united to the influence of reason, to the power of a real or supposed virtue, enables her to sacrifice her life's dearest feelings, even though her life itself become the purchase of the effort; he judged her conduct by his own, and believed her faithless, because his love, his character, and situation, all contributed to render him true.

It is thus that woman, who can scarcely even love with impunity, is judged by man, whose passions are licensed, and whose feelings are unrestrained.

Sometimes he believed her intimidated by the dangers which must inevitably attend their connexion, however pure and innocent it might continue—sometimes he believed the personal beauty, the rank, and passion of the aga, had influenced her conduct and her heart—sometimes he fancied her indifferent, or capricious, that she looked down upon his hidden birth, and inferior rank; and this supposition, the most torturing of all, the indignant pride of his haughty character enabled him best to support--and sometimes he resigned himself wholly to a confidence in her virtue, and her genius, which revived his love and admiration,

and taught him to consider her conduct, as the result of that superior soul, whose high perfections he for the first time so bitterly deplored. While all these various and contradictory feelings agitated his soul, as in the first tumult of resentment and despair he wrote that letter, which was the type of a still doating, but a still proud and suspicious heart, whose feelings he would sacrifice at the expence of his life, rather than have indulged them at the expence of that dignity of mind, dearer than life itself.

With an energy which drew its spirit and animation from the bitter overflowings of a disappointed passion, as yet in the first era of its unbridled emotion, he returned to that standard, from which that fatal and still secretly cherished, but openly abjured passion, had seduced him; and, after an unusual absence of

some nights, he appeared again, in the midst of the little band, who had observed his absence with a regret, which, without disturbing their confidence in his attachment to their cause, taught them to feel the want of that comprehensive and ardent mind, on which their hopes, and even their unanimity depended; since his superior genius formed a centre, to which their various views were drawn, and by which the incongruities of their vacillating opinions were always reconciled. The place of rendezvous which the young conspirators had chosen, was a rude grotto, excavavated in the base of the hill Museum, whose site had been anciently dedicated to warlike purposes*, and where, in a still remoter

* The hill of Museus was a fort near the citadel. Antigonous stationed a garrison there, and his son Demetrius surrounded it with a wall.

day, the pupil of Orpheus, the inspired Museus, breathed his immortal strains to a delighted multitude. Every thing around them conspired to cherish that love of glory, that national pride, so nutritive to the spirit of patriotism; and they deemed the place worthy the sacred purposes to which it was now devoted.

To the grotto of the museum, Osmyn adjourned on the night of that day, whose dawn had brought to his heart a pang so unexpected, so insupportable; and whose anguish, by the irritation it communicated to his other feelings, gave a more poignant energy to the interest with which he again united himself to a cause, to which his principles were invariably true, though his enthusiasm suffered a temporary abatement.

The appearance of Osmyn in the cave of the conspirators was hailed with delight. It seemed as if the soul was

restored to the body, after a transient suspension of its faculties. While his spirit was fired, his ambition was roused as he beheld himself surrounded by those young and vigorous persons, who had so daringly embarked in the cause of their country's freedom, and who looked up to him for counsel and support; while their bold and picturesque forms—the gloom and extent of the cavern—the arms which were strewed round it—the pale flame of the lamp, which was suspended from the centre of its rude and vaulted roof, partially dispersed the mists of a close and pent-up air, and drew forth the faint scintillations of surrounding spars; all touched his imagination, and gave a new and daring tone to his awakened mind, which silenced, without vanquishing, the tender feelings of a suffering and enamoured heart.

own safety inspired; and he listened with suspicious attention to the various opinions delivered under the influence of different interests, and different views, as the spirit of patriotism—the zeal of bigotry—the corruption of intrigue—the desire of plunder, or the restlessness of unfixed principles, inspired; while he frequently beheld them all equally under the influence of that national spirit, whose gusts of passion, and vehemence of character, are so inimical to that firm stability, that cool, deliberative caution, which, though not wholly consonant to his own impetuous feelings, he looked on as greatly essential to the success of that enterprize in which they had embarked.

Meantime, arguments, drawn from various feelings, and from various views, now ran high, and an inflammatory, but inconclusive, speech, uttered by the

young and vehement Stamati (who felt, but never reasoned), was answered by a Greek Turk, advanced in years, whose countenance exhibited traits of dissimulation, art, and cuuning.

He talked of the limitation of their number—the poverty of their resources —the necessary support of a foreign ally, and the power and vigilance of the ruling government. He seemed anxious to recruit the Russian armies, rather than to promote the cause of Liberty and Athens. Osmyn observed the influence his persuasive words and venerable air produced on the feelings of his too-susceptible auditors, and he arose to obviate the effects of his dangerous and insiduous arguments. He arose with that look of high command, and lofty superiority, which nature, and the dignity of his mind, shed over his perfect form; and his eloquence, forcible

and energetic, yet softened by the attractive graces of youth, played with the passions of his hearers, while it seized on their senses and their minds. He sought to rouse the slumbering spirit of the athenians from the dream of timid caution, into which the artifice and corruption of the previous speaker had plunged them; and he fired their souls, by representing the ancient glory of their country, through the brilliant prism of that national vanity which was always to be awakened.

The glorious ardor, thus re-illumined, was diffused around with a contagious sympathy; the light of patriotism seemed reflected from heart to heart, and the pure and social flame, thus spread around, became too bright and ardent to be easily extinguished.

He thus catagorically answered the arguments of his opponent:

"We are not, it is true," he said, "all powerful in number!—but it was a thousand Greeks alone defended their stations, liberty, and rights, against three millions of barbarians at Thermopylæ!

"It is also true, that our resources, externally considered, are but moderate; but the resources of brave men are in their hearts, and there they will be found exhaustless!

"You would convince us the Greeks can only fight with swords of foreign temper!—but say, what foreign ally backed the Grecian forces at Marathon, or Mantinea?—And what is the tyrannic power of an unjust and cruel government against that band of patriots, whom freedom and humanity lead on, and love of country fires?

"No; blend but the private interests, in one great view of public good, still be the

paramount wish, the nation's happiness: let but unanimity direct and bind you; and tyranny, injustice, and fanatic zeal, shall then lie prostrate at the feet of public happiness, and victorious patriotism!"

He ceased; but enthusiasm and virtue still spoke eloquently in the lumination of his expressive countenance, and the graceful dignity of his commanding attitude. A burst of applause hung upon his words---it was loud and animated, but not general; and the son of a greek patriarch, lately inrolled among the patriots, who, in the absence of Osmyn, had distinguished himself by a fanatic zeal and a turbulent eloquence, now arose to speak.

Envy of Osmyn's superior talents, and still more, of his obvious and supreme influence, instigated him to enter on a subject of discussion, on which he

believed Osmyn incapable of touching, and which he hoped would bring the religious prejudices of the assembly on his side, and turn the scale of feeling and opinion in his favor.

He spoke of the disregard which had been hitherto shewn to all hope of assistance from heaven, for their cause—that no trust had been placed in that ruling power which governed the destiny of man, and that temporal views, and temporal hopes, seemed alone the objects of their exertions—that they sought not to glorify the Deity by their deeds, or to extend the true and only Church of Christ by their exertions.—He spoke of the extirmination of the infidels, not upon a political, but a religious principle, as a work worthy of the greek Christians; and of bringing back, by fire and sword, the heretical sects of the Roskniki, and the Staro-

vagi* to the orthodox faith; and he concluded with a long eulogium on the purity, infalibility, and supremacy of the greek Church, under whose banners the greeks ought alone to fight, and hope to conquer.

Puerile, cruel, and intolerant as were his arguments, he did not want for adherents, and did not speak without some share of approbation and applause.

Osmyn witnessed with impatience and contempt the result of the zealot's arguments.

He again addressed himself to the assembly with an impetuosity dictated by his feelings.

* The Greek, like every other, church, is divided into countless sects, who all oppose, despise, and hate each other with a violence that knows no bounds. The Roskniki and Starovagi are the most prevailing. The greek martyr, Formio, was burnt for professing the former sect, and for openly declaiming against the worship of images. He had been formerly a caloyer or monk.

"They alone," said he, "place a confidence in heaven, who, conquering the prejudices which the credulity and imposition of man give birth to, see by the light of that reason which heaven has illuminated in their souls, and act from the impulse of that sensibility which heaven has implanted in their hearts. It is their dictates that convince us, that if the Deity can be glorified by man's inferior efforts, it is by promoting the happiness of man —by diffusing round the power of benevolence and truth—and by developing those affections which are the sweet bonds of social love, and social happiness.

"What are the countless distinctions in opinions merely speculative, and unconnected with the moral or physical good of the human species, which dare assume the name of religion, and obsti-

nately assert the obvious impossibility, that each is in itself infallible? What are they in his eyes, who knows no religion but that which is of the heart, which in theory is so comprehensible, in practice so divine?

"Athenians; descendants of the conquerors of Asia! of those who polished, while they awed the world! you whom a transient flame of patriotism fired! is the pure spark so soon extinct? Are you subdued by words, who aimed at deeds? Are you, who sought to free your country, and set a bright example to mankind, to stoop to wear the chains of bigotry? Once we knew no distinctions but that which vice and virtue, or slavery, or freedom, made; but now the infidel and faithful Roskniki and Starovagi divide, and arm us in their respective causes; and they, whom liberty and virtue animated, who fought for

Greece, humanity, and freedom, are now become the intollerant champions of some pious dogma, they cannot feel, and do not understand. Go, go; chuse out another leader! It was to men and patriots I bound my fate, not to sectarians and croisaders."

A violent tumult now arose: the intimate friends of Osmyn and the partizans of Greece gathered round him, exclaiming, "You are our only leader, and freedom still our cause!"

Others vehemently cried, "No alien leader!—no slave!—no foundling for our chief!" While a few, tossing up their caps, exclaimed, "Long live the defender of the Holy Greek Church: we elect him in the name of the sacred Panaghea; down with the infidels and heretics---the true believers for ever!"

It was in this moment of universal consternation and uproar, that the greeks,

who were always placed at an outpost to prevent a surprize, rushed into the cave, and with terror that rendered them almost unintelligible, proclaimed the approach of an armed force, which was already descending the hill of the Acropolis, led on by the disdar-aga himself. The tone of the general perturbation was now wholly changed; and a moment of indescribable emotion, surprize, and horror, ensued. The blood mantled to the cheek of the brave; it chilled round the trembling heart of the feeble. They who had mistaken impulse for principle, now felt the self-deception; and they whom other sentiments than those of virtue had influenced, trembled, and were dismayed: all were moved—but Osmyn least of all. He had instinctively seized on arms. His heart throbbed with an emotion it would have been more want of sensibility than of

spirit not to have felt; but he stood alone, firm, dignified, and collected. He felt like a patriot—he felt like a man—and he looked like a hero!

Every eye was turned on him, for the noble tranquillity of his air was inspiring. An hundred voices supplicated him for advice and counsel.

"I can fight," he replied coldly; "but I am a slave, an alien, and am unworthy to direct or lead."

"You are a true patriot!" cried the general voice. "We call upon you in the name of Athens, to direct and lead us."

"Do you," he exultingly returned, "for myself alone do you elect me? Then know it is the grandson of that Limbona*, who justified your rights, and punished your lawless tyrants, whom you have now elected. It is

* See note (c).

Theodorus, the son of him who some years back was banished for having joined the cause of liberty and Greece!" Osmyn then drawing up the sleeve of his robe, shewed the picture of his father fastened round his arm. This intelligence seemed to operate like electricity on the hearts of those who surrounded him.

The name of Limbona was victory itself. The person, and still more, the dauntless soul of Osmyn, were irrefragable testimonies of his noble birth.

"Citizens, to arms!" he cried; "a glorious death, or victory and freedom!"

In a moment every man was armed. The voice, the countenance of Osmyn, was inspiration. They waited not the approach of the janissary troops; they rushed forward to meet and to oppose them.

The turkish soldiers, accustomed to

factious commotions of the greeks in distant provinces, supposed that they had been called on to disperse a few inconsequent insurgents, and found themselves charged, with a violence that bore all before it, by upwards of three hundred of the flower of the athenian youth, whose enthusiasm, amounting to frenzy, rendered their arms in the first onset invincible.

The turks, always brave to fury in a charge, as pusillanimous in a retreat, were beaten back to the citadel with a considerable loss, and retired in disorder and consternation before their conquerors. Meantime, the whole force of the garrison, joined by the turks of every description, poured into the town from the citadel; and the greeks, animated by their success, rushed madly forward to oppose a force treble their own.

Amidst the shades of a gloomy night,

partially illuminated by the lamps which the terror-struck athenians had brought to their casements; the singular, the tremendous spectacle of an open insurrection now presented itself in the narrow winding streets, amidst the grand and awful ruins of Athens.

Moment of unequalled horror! when personal danger is aggravated by the dread anxiety for all we love, and all we value—when the imagination is overcome by images of terror—when the heart is subdued by apprehensions of tenderness—when citizen is opposed to citizen, friend to friend—when the bonds of social love are torn asunder—when the child bleeds beneath the parent's eye—when the mistress witnesses the destruction of the lover---and when the folly or injustice of man subverts the whole order of a just and benevolent nature, and feels and gives the

sharpest pang which man can suffer or inflict.

A general engagement had now taken place in the open square of the bazar. The turks, certain of success from the superiority of their numbers, unswayed by the wild impulsions of that warm enthusiasm which still animated the patriots beyond the line of prudence, and plunged them into unavailing danger, fought with a cool and resolute firmness, and displayed in their offensive, as in their defensive operations, a merciless but disciplined exertion, which the ardor of men who felt their efforts consecrated by their cause was unequal to cope with; and the greeks, animated by national sensibility---impelled by national enthusiasm---though feeling more deeply---acting more vigorously---betraying more forcibly the nerve of soul,

the prowess of body, which the consciousness of combating for all that men hold dear, inspired---were still unable to resist a force which power armed, and interest continually accumulated.

All the vicissitude of civil dissention betrayed their terrific effects with every added moment. The impetuous charge —the disciplined retreat, hope, despair—the full shout of temporary success—the sad murmur of a transient defeat—the shriek of anguish, and the moan of life's last pang, all mingled their dreadful sounds with the roar of fire-arms, and the deep roll of the turkish drums.

At last, it was fatally evident that the spirit of patriotism formed no shield round the breast of the patriot. The cool resistance, the mechanical operations of superior forces, were victorious

over the impetuous ardor, the unregulated enthusiasm, of superior souls; and many a brave head bowed beneath the cleaving cimeter of tyranny; and many a brave heart dyed with its vital stream the bosom of that country in whose cause it bled.

Victory glittered on the turkish crescent! and the secret hopes of a timid nation died with the glorious few who had heaved their last sigh in her defence. The carnage was dreadful, for it was wanton and merciless; the licensed, the inflated soldiery, unrestrained in their brutal fury, perpetrated deeds, which their loyalty sanctioned, but from which justice and humanity recoiled; the night was devoted to every species of destruction human wickedness, under the influence of political prejudice, and religious bigotry, could inspire.

The houses of the opulent, whose owners were native greeks, and not of the established faith, were plundered. Many of the citizens were put to an immediate death, though innocent of any crime save that of slumbering over their country's wrongs; and the huts of the miserable, and the poor, were consumed from a rage wanton and insatiable in its ferocity.

Yet even amidst these terrific scenes of human desolation, a few of the patriot band still survived, and wildly sought the death which chance had yet denied them.

Their furious efforts were characterised by a desperation that gave them supernatural force; with one arm disabled by a deep wound, the son of Limbona had wrenched a cimeter from the grasp of a turk, whom, with Herculean strength, he had hurled to the earth.

Leading his little band, he rushed upon a party of albanian spahis, who formed the body guard of the disdar-aga.

Osmyn, with daring and imprudent valour, singled out the aga. And, in a moment, found himself surrounded by a party of janissaries, who disarmed and seized him; it was in vain he endeavoured to fall upon one of the swords that were pointed at his breast. It was the repeated command of the aga that he should be strictly guarded, and his life preserved. The furious rage of Osmyn was unavailing—the agony of his wounds was insupportable; his loss of blood was great; his strength failed him, and he was carried lifeless in the arms of the jenissaries to the Acropolis.

Meantime, a few of the greek patriots had escaped. A few had been taken alive, and were led to noxious dungeons; but the majority had perished the envy of their wretched survivors!

At last the appetite for carnage became sated. To the rapid tumult of successive passions, to the furious acts of an inflamed and armed multitude, to the uproar of the combat, and the dreadful sounds of general destruction; an awful, sullen, calm, succeeds: the silence of terror, and of death, reigns on every side. The faint and grey dawn, as it rises in the east, sheds its gloomy light on a scene of melancholy and terrific desolation: the dwellings of the unassailed and opulent, closely barred up; those of the less fortunate, whom their party or religion proscribed, were despoiled and shattered, and those of the unprotected and poor, were smoking, and in ashes.

On every side, horrid vestiges of the night's destruction were visible. The turkish soldiers alone were seen in the streets, save the few wretches who came to seek the disfigured forms of those

still dear to them in death ; and who scared from their sad, and pious office, by the footstep of the patrole, flew to the adjoining ruins, to conceal at once their tears, and their intentions.

Amidst the wretches whom affection still opposed to danger, there was one alone whom armed barbarity could neither daunt, nor vanquish. Young and beautiful ! gentle and timid ! a pavement dyed with blood, and sometimes strewed with mangled bodies, was still unequal to daunt her mind, or chase her from the object of her research. She flies from street to street—she uncovers the distorted countenance—she examines the mangled features ; despair and madness point her wild and wandering glance. A janissary patrole seizes her by the arm, she is insensible to his threats, a laugh of frenzy braves his useless rage. The mussulman, (with the prejudices of

his religion) respects her apparent insanity, and she continues her melancholy pilgrimage unopposed. She seeks the friend of her soul, she seeks him in death, and finds him not! For a moment the conviction strikes her that he lives! She knows, she feels, he has not fled; and the more terrific, the less noble, death that now awaits him, flashes on her appalled heart, with a new sense of horror! Unimpeded by the soul-harrowing objects that lie exposed to her view, she flies with the rapidity of lightning to the Acropolis, but the gates which lead to the citadel are closed; the spahis that guard it, are doubled in their usual number; and the armed castriani that crowd the battlements, appear like an army.

The sufferer applies for admittance to one of the sentinels; he turns scoffingly from her---she supplicates another, he

trifles brutally with her feelings; and a fourth, struck by her youth and beauty, seizes her by the arm; she bursts from his grasp! he points his zatagan at her bosom, and she sinks lifeless at his feet.

At that moment the vigilant, the conquering Achmet-aga approaches, accompanied by his Capadilger Keayassa, to visit the guards. Amazed, he recognizes the person of the prostrate unfortunate. It was the saint that had charmed his eyes in the mekkemê; it was Ida, the daughter of the archon Rosemeli; he raised her in his arms, and she was conveyed by his orders, to an apartment in the citadel.

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The triumph of the disdar-aga was now complete; he had effaced the stain of being vanquished by Osmyn when they were singly opposed to each other,

by having in his turn become the vanquisher, though by means so much less noble, that even he was not insensible to their disparity. He had now in his hands the life of the rival whom he hated, and the person of the woman he loved.

The worst passions of his nature blended their influence in his soul; and his profound policy and daring ambition alone opposed themselves to their immediate gratification.

In endeavouring to crush the little band of patriots in Athens, the disdaraga had nothing less in view than promoting the interests of that government to which no mind could attach itself from principle or affection, and to which he had long been false from secret motives of interest or ambition. He had even slumbered over the conspiracy, that he might have a fuller power to cut

off by a single blow those who were the most likely to oppose his intentions. A government which is erroneous in its fundamental principles, whose basis is false to the laws of nature and humanity, and whose law is the despotic will of the ruling power, or the dogma of a bigoted superstition, bears within itself the seeds of its own destruction; and by its natural re-action, becomes the inevitable victim of its own tyranny. The governors of the provinces in Turkey maintain their power by tributes to the porte, levied on the wretches whom they rule; and when the governor, by avarice and rapacity, establishes his independence, and seduces the troops to his interest, he frequently rebels, and testifies his disposition to mutiny, by withdrawing his remittances to the porte.

Such had long been the ability, and

such the views of the disdar-aga. His talents, his military skill, and popularity among the janissaries. His riches, and the civil government having almost wholly devolved into his hands by the imbecility of his brother, rendered him peculiarly adapted for an enterprize in which so many others, with qualities greatly inferior to his, had succeeded. He had won over all the turks of Livadia to his side. The troops, though not numerous, were devoted to him; and many of the opulent greeks who hated the government, without cherishing that love of country which could openly inspirit them to oppose tyranny for the love of freedom alone, sought a change, and sought it under the standard of him, whose power they conceived to be their safety and protection.

It was under the sanction of circumstances such as these, that the disdar-aga

had made no remittances to the porte for the government, which he and his brother held between them for the last year; and his recent triumph over those whom he termed the rebels, gave him a new influence over his partizans, and accelerated the accomplishment of his long-cherished desires, to become the independent governor of all Livadia. The extension of his own individual authority, like that of many other ministers in states, better organized, was paramount to every other consideration. It was not the rebels he wished to suppress—it was not the government he wished to serve—it was his own personal advantage he was anxious to secure: they were the passions of avarice and ambition he wished to gratify. But though he knew he should find among the degenerate greeks many who would readily sacrifice their country to

their interests or their fears—many whom a toy would bribe, or a sound seduce—whom the rentage of a petty government, or a title of nominal importance, would influence; yet he wished to blend, to confirm, his influence over their minds, by blending his interests with that of one of the archontic families, who still preserved among them a shadow of respectability, and the semblance of their ancient consequence.

Upon this principle he had early connected himself with the vain, the weak Rosemeli. And his union with his daughter, whose talents and whose charms had rendered her so popular in Athens, was an object which his desires and his ambition equally coveted.

He was well aware that the religious and national prejudices of the archon were all against him; but he believed

if the free will of Ida made her his, those prejudices were to be reconciled.

She was now in his power; but he dared not abuse it to the extent his passions and her charms would had him. He wished to conciliate the greeks; and he knew that a violation of a certain sense of honour drove them to frenzy, and that even the sultan himself could not oppose this ancient principle with impunity.

But he was determined that, before the sun set, Ida Rosemeli should be his wife; and he believed he had then in his power the means to render the act as apparently voluntary on her side, as it had long been desired on his. He would then, in the moment that his recent victory had intimidated the greeks, present himself to their eyes as the husband of the noblest of their women, whom he would pledge himself to make

his sole wife—as the opposer of their tyrants—the friend of their interests—the commander whom the troops had elected—and the begler-bey of the province of Livadia.

Such was the result of an hour's secret meditation which he had indulged in, after having conveyed the lifeless form of Ida to the Acropolis.

THE NUPTIALS.

From the oblivion of a transient insensibility, Ida at last recovered to a perfect sense of her misery. She remembered to have been deprived of reason near the gate of the Propyleum; and she but too keenly recollected the cause that had brought her there. But she understood not the circumstances in which she was at present involved; she was lying on an ottoman, her head was

supported by an old moorish woman, and a slave, engaged in chafing her temples, knelt beside her. They spoke to each other in a language she did not understand; but when she addressed the woman in Greek, and demanded where she was, the slave replied, "In the citadel, in the residence of the disdar-aga."

Ida shuddered! but every other feeling was overwhelmed in that of love, and grief, and anxiety for their object. And after the cogitation of a few moments, she requested they would lead her to the aga.

The slave replied, "We have no orders for that, but the disdar shall know your wish." And he opened the door of an anti-room, and delivered the message to another person. The quick glance of Ida perceived that the room was filled with soldiers, and

she was at once struck with the conviction that she was a prisoner! but the woman, whose tender heart trembles for the fate of those she loves, is insensible to every self-consideration. Ida felt not the captivity she suspected; she only felt, that the man she loved was no more, or was in the power of a cruel and implacable enemy.

She put some questions to the slave, relative to the fate of the leader of the patriots; but his answer was still, "We have no orders." She perceived that slavery and fear had reduced him to a mechanism of feeling, it was impossible to work on; and the disgusting and hideous countenance of the old moor, prevented her making any attempt to awaken her compassion. Though weak and exhausted, she arose, and continued to pace the apartment in all the anguish of suspenseful suffering—her eye burning and tearless, was wild and wander-

ing in its gaze—her cheek sometimes betraying the paleness of death, was sometimes of the deepest crimson; when she sought to speak, her voice was broken and sobbing, and her limbs cold and trembling, were scarcely able to support her. She approached the casement—the mists of the dawn were dispersed—the sun rose resplendently over the heights of Hymettus—the waves of the Engia shone brightly to his beams—the ruins of the Acropolis were warmly tinged with his rich and golden hues, and the arms of the turkish soldiers glittered brilliantly to his beams. This lovely and splendid aspect of nature, rendered the moral disorder more dreadful to the heart of Ida; it conveyed that melancholy feeling which we experience when the gay beauty of a smiling dawn first flings its beam on the remains of that object, whom death has ravished

from us, amidst the gloomy shades of night.

This spectacle, which under other circumstances would have cheered and refreshed her awakening soul, plunged her in that despondency, which resembles the melancholy madness of those whom "grief has crazed."

But she wept; and those tears so sad relieved the agony of her throbbing temples.

At last the Capadilger Keayessa appeared to lead her to the disdar-aga. She trembled with a two-fold emotion—she attempted to follow him, but tottered back—he took her arm and led her on, and they passed through a room, filled with soldiers, to the apartments of the aga. They reached it, and the captain of the guard retires.

The aga is alone, seated on a selictea of golden stuff; he is refreshing himself

after the recent exertions he has made, with opium and coffee.

He received Ida with haughty coldness; and the strength, which the consciousness of the cause she was about to plead had inspired now deserted her. She was pale, and trembling; and the peculiar tone of his voice, served but to intimidate her.

Yet there was a sensibility in her disorder, which restored some of that loveliness her suffering had chased; and the disdar beheld her with secret emotion.

"Speak!" he said. "Came you hither to seek our protection from the danger the infidels have drawn upon themselves?"

Ida drew nearer, and faintly repeated, "To seek your protection! but not for myself."

"To implore mercy for your kinsman haply?" added the turk.

"To implore mercy;" inarticulately murmured Ida, drawing timidly nearer, "but not for my kinsman." Then with an emotion she could no longer suppress, she fell at his feet, she took hold of the drapery of his robe, and demanded in wild agitation, "Lives the leader of the patriots? And lives he in your power?"

"The leader of the rebel infidels, now lives;" he returned with rage sparkling in his eyes; while she, whose charms inflamed his passions, pleaded at his feet for his rival, "but in a few hours he will be beyond my power."

"Oh, God!" ejaculated Ida, and fell prostrate before him.

The Turk resumed his pipe.

Ida raised her eyes to his; she took his hand.

"It is so willed," he coldly replies to

her eloquent looks; "it is marked in the book of fate."

"Oh! mercy, mercy!" cries the wretched Ida, in an agony of tears.

"Pray not for those whose death is eternal!" replies the disdar, in the language of his koran.

"Achmet!" she cries, in ardent supplication, and presses his hand to her damp and chilly brow. It trembles in her grasp; yet he coldly added, "I turn away my face from the ungodly, from the enemies of God, and his prophet."

"Friend of my father!" she continues in broken accents. "You who once did not hate his daughter, shut not your heart against her supplication."

"If you plead for the rebel Osmyn," he sternly added, "you plead in vain;" and he withdrew his hand.

Where was now the eloquence with which Ida had supplicated at the mekkemê, in the cause of humanity and Greece; the interest was now too home; the hope, the fear, was too closely interwoven with her existence. She arose, she felt her inability; she felt it to madness; and despair marked its terrific expression on her countenance, as she turned slowly away.

"Stay!" exclaimed the aga. She clasped her hands, and turned round, with a smile which agony and hope disputed.

He arose, he took her hand, and led her towards a casement, without suffering her to approach it.

"Behold!" said he, and directed her glance to a little court, which the casement of the room hung over.

It was surrounded by a high wall; on

one side an iron grate led to a dungeon prison; in the centre stood the instruments of torture; and near it, those of death were arranging by the officers of the bow-string. Ida held by the aga for support, she trembled to dissolution, and was speechless.

The next moment the grate of the dungeon opened. Osmyn was led forth in chains; his cheek was pale and livid, but the fire of his sparkling eye evinced 'twas not with fear; it was with the loss of that blood, which deeply stained his garments: the officers led him to the torture. Ida saw no more! she uttered a frantic shriek—she would have fallen to the earth; but the aga caught her in his arms, and held her there. She was not insensible, but she was powerless.

"Save him, 'tis you alone can save him," she wildly, but inarticulately murmured.

"I cannot," said the turk, in a low voice.

Ida fell at his feet, and raised her hands and eyes with a look of wild enquiries.

"In a few minutes," added the turk, "they lead from the torture, to death."

"Speak!" cried Ida "speak!" with a frantic impatience.

"Be mine!" returned the disdar.

"I am!" cried Ida madly, "but save him! this moment save him!"

The disdar made a signal from the casement. Osmyn was led back to the dungeon.

"Your voice arrests his fate!" cried Achmet, while the eyes of Ida, bursting from their sockets, pursued the receding form of Osmyn, whose face was hidden in his robe, as if some object had blasted their gaze, he dared not again encounter.

"You are mine!" continued the turk, triumphantly.

"I am your's! and he lives!" re-

peated Ida, with a loud convulsive laugh, and sunk upon the selictea.

The turk now opened an adjoining room, and supporting Ida in his arms led her to a low desk, at which sat a cadi, with some papers and the koran before him. Ida mechanically did all they desired her; and signed the civil contract of marriage, according to the laws of Turkey*.

She was not senseless; but the violent emotions she had sustained, the wild extreme of feeling she had suffered, plunged her into a temporary stupor---one image only swam before her eyes---Osmyn suffering the torture, or dying by the bow-string!—one sentiment only filled her soul, she had saved his life—she had seen him on the point of destruction—on the verge of eternity! and she had saved him!

* See note (d)

and while he had determined on the secret assassination of Osmyn, he refused himself the pleasure of again beholding Ida, until the arrival of the midnight hour which, by finishing the term of the ramazan, gave him up to the free indulgence of passions that acknowledged no rein, but that which superstition imposed. "It is thus that the conscience of man, formed upon a speculative faith, or peculiar mode of thinking, reconciles itself to every crime but that which clashes with its dominant prejudice. It is thus that a religious belief, or a moral feeling, which is not connected with the interests and good of society, becomes but the sanction of error, and holds out but a partial barrier to vice. The love and knowledge of truth, the observance of nature, and the developement of the affections, alone obtain for us that clear and pre-

cise idea of virtue, which becomes rather a feeling of our existence, than a duty of our observance."

During the rest of the day, the sight of Ida was not blasted by the presence of her tyrant; and the protraction of an evil so dreaded, became a positive good.

The stupor, occasioned by the sudden mass of horror, which had burst over her devoted head, was now beginning to dispel, and to leave her free to the conviction of an insupportable misery. She had suffered herself to be led away by the moorish woman and the mutes, she knew not where! Roused from the torpor of an insensibility, occasioned by the extreme tension of her nerves and feelings, she now gazed around her, and beheld herself in an apartment furnished according to the best taste of turkish luxury. They were those occupied by the Egyptian wife of Achmet, whom

he had the day before divorced. But their downy sofas, their Persian carpets, their cushions, and their flowers, only served as a contrast in the imagination of Ida to the chains and dungeon of Osmyn; only served as testimonies of the horrid fate she had drawn on herself for his sake; a fate contemplated with that dreadful feeling which mingles the wild distraction of insanity with the acute pang of conscious sensibility; whenever the terrific idea struck on her soul, she became frantic. Her passion for the man from whom she was for ever separated, rendered her horror, her disgust to him in whose power she was thrown, a feeling, agonizing beyond the strength of her mind or nature to sustain. She threw herself on the earth! heart-breaking lamentations broke from her lips—strong convulsions shook her frame! 'till nature, exhausted, restored

her to that sullen torpor which, after a short time, allowed her the melancholy indulgence of considering her wretched state, in all its sad relations. She thought of the purity and happiness of her past life—of her absent and unconscious father—of her innocent and helpless brothers—of the prospects that now opened on her days; and last, and most of all, on Osmyn and on love!

If, in the extreme acuteness of her desperation, she had regretted for a moment having purchased the salvation of him, whom she adored, by a sacrifice so dreadful!—a sacrifice! which, to a tender, delicate, and feeling woman, is not to be paralleled in all the various sufferings of human woe, she was, in a moment of less selfish feeling, more reconciled to that immolation, which saved the life of the bravest, the most virtuous man, and still preserved to her

wretched country, one, who, in days more prosperous to its cause, might again distinguish himself as its friend and champion. When, by one of those sudden variations of thought incidental to a state so wretched and suspenseful, it struck her mind, that in sacrificing herself, she had probably only accelerated the fate of Osmyn, by betraying those passionate feelings for his safety, so little calculated to assuage a rival's wrath; when she recollected the artful conduct by which the aga had attacked her heart, through the medium of objects, purposely perhaps arranged to influence her conduct, and the promptitude with which she had resigned herself to the vehemence of those feelings that were thus wrought up to madness; when she reflected that they were both at that moment in his power, and that the vows and promises made

to those who were considered as infidels, would be all absolved by the religion and laws of the country of him who had pledged himself; then despair succeeded to the tumultuous vicissitudes of affliction, and no faint beam of hope or comfort, no shadow of redemption, offered itself to the soul of the sufferer; no tear moistened her burning eyes; no sigh relieved her bosom's deadly weight; while sometimes a convulsive laugh burst from her lips, and again resigned her to the uncomplaining sullenness of confirmed despondency. Thus passed a day, whose every hour came fraught with some new sense of suffering and anguish to one formed for each joy and every bliss which woman could experience or bestow.

It was in vain that the old moor endeavoured to prevail on her to take

some refreshment; that by signs and gesticulations she pointed out to her the necessity of taking the bath, which formed part of her suite of rooms; or alluded to the usual ceremonies of the bridal toilettes. Ida was insensible to her attentions; and moved by her gentleness, her sufferings, and her youth, or wearied by her obstinacy and affliction, the moor at last gave up the point; and while Ida paced the room in an agony of perturbation, or, overcome by suffering, lay stretched upon the earth, the moor coolly followed her with her eyes, or amused herself in stringing various beads, with which she decked her tawny neck and arms, always glancing a look at the door as Ida approached it, though aware that it was guarded by the mutes on the other side.

At last the evening closed!—the

shades of night gathered over the face of the heavens!—a lamp dispersed the darkness of the captive's sumptuous prison; and the clashing of arms, as the sentinels relieved their watch on the walls of the Acropolis, the roll of the turkish drums, or the deep howl of the castriani, alone broke upon the silence of a season, which every moment rendered more dreadful to the heart and imagination of Ida.

It was midnight!—the law of abstinence was repealed!—the famished mussulmen gave themselves up to an intemperance, dangerous as it was brutalizing. The termination of the severe and gloomy ramazan, brought joy to every turkish heart; but to no heart such triumph as to Achmet-aga's. He had suspended the fate of Osmyn till his own usurpation was confirmed—till he had forced him by torture to betray

what yet remained to be known of the crushed conspiracy—and till he had inflicted the greater torture, of convincing him he was confirmed in a power greater than that he had opposed; and that he inevitably possessed the woman to whom he had dared to aspire!

It was half an hour after midnight!—the turks of the Acropolis were absorbed in the revelries of their festivals—the timid greeks were commemorating, with their tears and secret lamentations, the horrors of the preceding night.

Ida, wholly exhausted by agony of mind—by feelings of insupportable suspense—by a long fast and want of rest, bowed to the influence of that imperious nature, who subdues even the power of that sensibility which seems immortal as the soul that develops it!

She slept!—but it was a broken and fatiguing slumber, which dreams of terror darkened, or distracted. Roused by the slightest noise, a footstep waked her. She raised her dim and swollen eyes, and the lamp's uncertain light fell on the form of the disdar-aga! She uttered a faint exclamation, for she was feeble and exhausted, and sprung from the sofa on which she lay, to a distant corner of the room. She looked wildly round her, and missed the presence of the moor, whom she now sought as a protection.

The aga approached her—she fell on her knees, and trembled with a violence that deprived her of the power of articulation. She raised her clasped hands, and her tearful eyes were at once expressive of supplication and despair. Her looks were so characterized by timidity, by innocence, and by terror,

that her unresisting weakness became for a moment her protection and defence.

Her life seemed quivering on her lips, as if all power was denied her, but the power of dying!—She no longer pleaded for a hated rival!—she no longer betrayed the energy of strong and passionate feelings in her supplication!—she no longer resembled a woman, flushed by powerful emotions, of an energetic and ardent character, capable of the most extraordinary exertions for him whom she loved, or against him whom she feared!—Oh, no! the blue and doubtful light, as it fell on her delicate figure, as it tinged with its beam her colourless cheek, gave to her person and her countenance the air of a departed spirit, whom grief had freed from its mortal coil!

The turk was intimidated!—he

trembled, from a selfish motive, lest she should expire in those arms from which, with a shuddering that shook her frame to dissolution, she impulsively recoiled —he released her, and she fell at his feet, and bathed them with her tears. He was perplexed—he wished her to betray some violence of conduct, to make some daring resistance, even to speak—he endeavoured to shake off his unaccountable weakness—he addressed to her some words of tenderness and encouragement—he raised her from the earth, and supported her in his arms—he placed her on an ottoman. At that moment a tumultuous noise was heard in the anti-room of the apartment they occupied: the door was burst open, and soldiers, slaves, and women unveiled, appeared before the astonished eyes of the aga. Among the confusion of voices

that resounded on every side, these words were alone distinctly heard:

"Osmyn, the leader of the rebels, has escaped from his prison!—The Capadilger-Keayassa has fled with him! and the lady Jumeli has eloped!"

The fears which the tyrant ever links to the courage of the man—the amazement which becomes so powerful from being excited in a moment of an opposite feeling, seized on the soul of the astonished aga. The prompt exaggerations of his horror-struck mind, represented his hopes as blasted in their bloom; and an insurrection, headed by the unvanquished Osmyn—a conspiracy against his life, rushed to his scared imagination. Self-preservation, vengeance, parental anxiety, for a moment superseded every other feeling. He paused not to enquire into the minute circumstances

of an event that flushed like blasted lightning on his soul. He thought only of pursuing the fugitives, and he rushed out of the apartment of the harem, followed by the crowd of timid slaves, each endeavouring to exculpate himself from the imputation of a treachery, of which all would have been guilty, had a temptation, adequate to the risk, been offered as the purchase of their fidelity; for those whom fear alone secures know no other bond of fealty than that which danger seals.

Ida found herself alone: no determinate feeling, no precise emotion, occupied her being. She had fallen on her knees; instinctive murmurs of thanksgiving breathed on her quivering lips; a confused idea of suffering, too great for mortal sustension, of a joy too pure for human endurance, fluctuated in her thought; at last, her heart, her senses, gave the full testimony of their evidence to a moment in-

credible in its events. She uttered a wild and piercing scream of joy. She flew like lightning through the apartments of the harem. She ran to a kiosk, and sprung from its open lattice: it was low—she reached the earth unhurt. She continued her flight, veiled by the darkness—she avoided the entrance to the Acropolis—she endeavoured to descend one of its steep and perilous declivities. Had she seen her danger, it might have become fatal. Her limbs were torn and wounded by the sharp-pointed rocks and the thorny briars; but she was insensible to pain. She at last reached a turkish cemetry; it was the same to which Osmyn had led her on the eve of our lady of the grotto; and, amidst the wild confusion of her feelings, she recollected the event. Trembling to proceed lest she should be discovered, she threw herself among the long grass that waved over

a tomb, and directed her anxious eyes towards the citadel. Flambeaux appeared and disappeared among the ramparts. She perceived a troop of horse passing under the arch of the Propyleum. She looked towards the harem of the disdar's residence, and perceived lights gleaming in the room she had left. She doubted not but she was missed and sought for, and she became doubtful of her present security. She reflected for a moment on the steps she should pursue. She hesitated to return home, when her absence must have caused amazement and consternation, which, should she be sought for there, would sufficiently betray the ignorance of her family as to the place of her concealment. She therefore determined to direct her timid steps to the shades of that dearer home where her happiest hours had passed, and which, though now belonging to her father, was unoccupied and deserted.

Her perfect knowledge of its winding shore and cavernous rocks, sanctioned her determination. She continued her route, therefore, with a spirit of mind that opposed itself to a physical weakness, which increased with every step. She reached with difficulty the bottom of the rocks of the Acropolis, and at that moment the troop passed near her, taking their way towards mount Anchesmus. She trembled—she shuddered—not for herself alone, but for him whom the troop pursued. She took shelter in the cave of Apollo till the horsemen were no longer discernible: she then continued to retrace the path she had so often taken in days of unalloyed felicity—she involuntary paused amidst the mighty ruins of the temple of Jupiter. Its solemn grandeur soothed, though it could not tranquillize the perturbed feelings of her soul. The struggles, the

vices, and the sufferings of man, faded before a contemplation of an object which had witnessed the rise and fall of the generations of near three thousand years. It brought forcibly to her mind the littleness of man, whose existence is a moment, whose sphere of action is a speck.

But she glanced her eyes towards the perystile of the temple, where she had beheld the graceful form of Osmyn, whose early superiority had been prophetic of those natural powers he had since so unfortunately betrayed, and the feelings of the impassioned heart subdued the meditation of the reflecting mind. The night was now far advanced, or rather the morning was already betraying its grey and reserved tints in the horizon. Heavy mists arose in columns from the sides and summits of the mountains of Hymettus and Parnes, and fell in showery

dews on the earth. The light drapery of Ida was penetrated by the drops which chilled her frame; her limbs wearied, and wounded feet, were scarcely able to support her. At last, and with great difficulty, she reached the lawn of that dear and delightful dwelling which she had not beheld since the death of her life's best friend, and where every thing around her seem consecrated to his memory.

She perceived at a little distance the spot where she received his last embrace. She leaned against a tree for support, while she indulged in the melancholy contemplation. To the influence of feelings so awakened, was added the recent irritability and present exaustion of her nerves—bodily fatigue beyond the power of her delicate frame to support—and that debilitating weakness which long want of sustenance or repose

brings with it. Faint and sick, she endeavoured to move on, but her head grew giddy—her eyes were dim. She struggled to collect her lingering strength—she advanced a few paces, but her chilled and trembling limbs failed her—she believed herself dying—she thought only of those she loved, of the grief her loss would occasion to her little family, and of the doubtful fate of him who had been, though innocently, the cause of her death. She endeavoured to reach the portico, but the effort was beyond her strength—her senses failed her, and she fell lifeless to the earth.

THE FLIGHT.

It was amidst the glowing beauty of a summer's morning, when the casements of a sick chamber had been

thrown back to admit the freshness of a balsamic air, that Ida awoke as from a long dream, after a delirious fever, which had proved nearly mortal in its effects, and which for many days had left her family hopeless of a life so precious to its interests and its affections.

Perception returned more rapidly than health; but her senses, confused and doubtful, scarcely credited the evidence of their own observations. She gazed around her, and found herself in that apartment she had always occupied in her uncle's villa. She looked timidly on either side of her couch, and trembled least the vision should dissolve which presented to her delighted eyes the forms of her father, her brothers, and her paramana. The sun that shone so brilliantly—the air that breathed so freshly—the peace and calm that reigned around her—memory threw across her

mind the last incidents it had treasured. The tumult of civil dissention—the gloom which shrouded nature—those forms so feared, and those feelings so dreadful, all opposed themselves to the dear, the tranquil, the social scene, that now surrounded her. A few tears escaped from her eyes; and she faintly exclaimed, in that timid tone of voice that seems apprehensive of being only answered by the echo of its own faint accents, "My father!"

"Ida! my child." Those words so sweet, that voice so dear, convinced her that her fears were unfounded, and her most precious hopes realized.

Ida had nothing to relate that the archon was not acquainted with, save the secret ceremony which had passed in the presence of the cadi; but he had much to communicate, which Ida languished, yet feared to hear.

The disdar-aga was no more! The withdrawing of his usual tributes had awakened the suspicions of the kislar-aga, who had superseded his uncle. His intrigues were betrayed to the porte, and his destruction was determined on.

When circumstances do not permit a sultan to subdue a rebelling subject by force, it is not unusual to send a secret executioner, with orders, that should he fail in the object of his mission, to appear publicly, and to heap honours on the rebellious chief, that appearances might be saved. The emissary of the porte did not fail: he found in the discarded wife of the aga an agent worthy of executing the commission he had undertaken. The Egyptian had poisoned the opium which the aga had swallowed on the night of the feast of the Ramazan; and he had expired a few miles distance from Athens, while

in pursuit of the fugitives. The truth of the event soon transpired.

The athenians rejoiced over the destruction of their tyrant; and those of his partisans, who had not suffered with him, still trembled for their properties and their lives.

The fugitives had eluded all pursuit; and a slave, whom fear no longer bound to silence, had made a discovery, corroborated by circumstances; and currently received in Athens, that a secret attachment had existed for some time between Osmyn, who was now known to be the son of the exiled archon Limbona, and the daughter of the disdar-aga; and that Jumeli had effected his liberation, and eloped with him to Russia.

Such was the information which at different times was communicated to Ida by the archon—by her paramana—

by her cousin Zaphira—and by the babbling gossips of Athens, whom curiosity brought to the couch of the invalid, and who delighted to detail a history so pregnant with romance as the loves of the rebel slave, and the daughter of the disdar-aga, to which their ardent imaginationsadded a thousand fictitious events, which at last, by being incessantly repeated, were credited as true, even by those to whom they owed their invention.

The love of Ida for Osmyn was known only to her father—had been suspected only by the disdar.

The civil act which had nominally made her for a few hours the wife of the disdar-aga, was known only to the old cadi, who, as one of the chief partisans of the late aga, had been put to death by the reigning vaivode of Athens; her secret therefore was safe, and the cause of her agony unsuspected.

The strong, the unconquerable emotion, which details so extraordinary awakened in the sensible soul and delicate frame of Ida, were considered by those who surrounded her, as fatal relapses of her disorder; and Ida, silent, suffering, and uncomplaining, continued to languish into a confirmed atrophy, which baffled all medical skill, and was neither guessed at in its cause, nor understood in its effect.

It is a dreadful feeling! that disease of heart! when the body enters into the sufferings of the mind! and the soul sickens, even more than the frame it animates—when a deadly weight preys upon the springs of being—when a sudden recurrence to the bliss, which memory has treasured, causes a momentary start of life and animation; and when the hysteric impulse of a visionary and faded joy is succeeded by that

depression of every faculty, and every sense, which plunges the whole existence into a state of inanimation, accompanied by the lingering traces of sensibility, sufficient to feel, and to lament, but not to redeem or to restore the loss of those capabilities for happiness, which distinguished and enriched the more felicitous days of life.

The youth, the native strength of constitution, and native climate of the unhappy sufferer, finally prevailed over the struggles which long existed between the sensibility of her soul, and the delicacy of her frame.

The physical evil was removed by time, by nature, and by art—the moral had taken a firmer hold; and though no murmur of complaint betrayed its existence, it lay like a settled agony at the bottom of the heart—it resembled the evil spirit, with which the fiction of su-

perstitious fancy torments the ideal object of its own creation—it hung heavily on the awakening gaiety of natural cheeriness—it mingled with the innocent pleasure of social intercourse—it shadowed the opening prospects of life with an eternal cloud; and when the heart, with its natural impulsion to felicity, rushed forward to seize some momentary gleam of passing happiness, it dragged it back to that state of dark despondency, which the destruction of all its hopes, and all its joys, had confirmed into a habit, that almost resembled a natural and irresistible feeling. Ida had loved with all the passion of a greek—with all the tenderness of a woman; that tenderness, which woman only knows; which is not a solitary and individual feeling, but an affection of the soul, which incorporates itself with the whole moral and natural existence;

unresisting beneath a blow which aimed only at her own existence.

When the heart of woman reposes in the sweet and certain confidence of returned affection, and avowed esteem, every evil of life sits lightly on her full and contented bosom; but that nobility of mind, that firmness of soul, that elasticity of spirit, which carries her through the lesser vicissitudes of care or of affliction, desert her, when she believes herself abandoned, either from her own imprudence, or the instability of another by him she loved—by him who loved her—then the heroine is no more, the woman only remains.

The loss of that heart which had so long held the most intimate communion with her own—of that sympathy, which enters into every feeling, every emotion of our souls—of those little points of coincidence in taste, in sentiment, in

judgment, and even in error—those delicate and impalpable ties, which bind and blend two beings into one common and delightful existence, losses always irreparable, are in their first period of privation, insupportable, impossible to relinquish in idea, and terrific to dwell on in recollection.

To this destiny of cheerless suffering, Ida had no force to oppose! her feelings preyed in anguish on themselves; and reason, while it endeavoured to argue away passion, dwelt in fondness on the object; for hope and doubt, that wished to be deceived, still suggested that Osmyn might have been wronged, and in that idea, might still be loyal. But the first six months that hung so heavily on his flight, and brought no intelligence of his destiny, left Ida no hope; it convinced her that he, whom she had loved, was unworthy of her love, and in that

conviction, pride, which in woman is tantamount to the stronger virtues of man, and nature, so favourable to the weakness of ardent feelings, effected what reason and hope were unable to accomplish.

The pride of the athenian was the true and generic pride of a tender and intelligent woman, of one who united strong feelings to superior genius, and whose first self-estimation, whose consciousness of the honour her love conferred upon the worthiest object, prevented her from becoming debased either in the eyes of others, or her own, by the indulgence of a degrading weakness which found no sanction either from her feelings, or her mind, since she now believed the one to have been trifled with, the other to have been imposed on.

It was to this pride that her soul, exhausted by fertile expectation, at last

turned for resource and aid—it was to that nature she applied, which, in calling us to happiness by various means, opposes not her beneficent intentions, by throwing us dependent upon one solitary circumstance for enjoyment, which, subject to the casualties of human life, would terminate hope with its own existence.

Ida, therefore, in that sad suspense, which vibrates between the extremes of pleasure, and of pain, extremes so consonant to her feeling, animated, and sensuous character, gradually regained a tranquillity, which, if distant from happiness was unallied to suffering.

Devoted equally from duty, as from affection, to her little family, she sought to distribute among its members, that redundancy of affection, with which her heart overflowed. But there is in the heart of woman a source of more

profound and sacred sensibility, than the mere ties of consanguinity and habit can awaken or engross; and the heart of Ida was not that of a common woman.

The archon had sold his house in Athens, and retired to the villa bequeathed him by his brother-in-law; and those scenes, where every thing recalled to Ida the days of her past felicity, rather soothed, than aggravated her feelings.

Two years succeeded to that period which had been so fatally fruitful in events to Athens and to Ida! Her naturally fine constitution—the delicious climate of her native country—the innocence and regularity of her life, all contributed to the perfect restoration of her health, to the peace of her mind, and to the perfection of her genius and her loveliness; while, in relinquishing all hope for her country, she lost nothing

of the interest she had ever felt in its cause. Her reflections upon its past, recent, and present state, drew her mind from a topic of contemplation, perhaps still dearer to her feelings, and more dangerous to her peace.

She beheld how much the good and happiness of mankind depend upon the nature of the government under which it is placed; and that those moral disorders in a nation, which, under the various and opprobrious names of factions, conspiracies, rebellions, and insurrections, distract, afflict, and impoverish a state, are but the inevitable result of some evil policy in the paramount power, which endeavours to punish and suppress, by violent and coercive measures, those fatal effects, whose causes might be so effectually and easily removed by that beneficent wisdom of conduct which should make the good

of the people the object of the government, and sacrifice the intrigues, the cabals, and private interests of the few, to the peace, the happiness, and national security of the many.

A total relaxation of the soul, as of the body, is the general consequence of a violent and inordinate tension of the feelings and the nerves; and the result of a harrassed and exquisite sensibility, is an apathetic indifference that lethargizes the heart, and stills, without annihilating, its powerful capabilities for strong and profound emotion.

Such was the state of Ida's existence, when the english traveller first became known to her; that state of existence, when the soul, anxious to lay hold of any object that can restore its wonted powers, becomes the less scrupulous in its selection, and clings to the remotest shadow of a sympathy, which promises

an object to excite, and to participate in its dormant sensibilities.

There were so few with whom the mind of Ida could associate itself—her thoughts, her ideas, her opinions, her feelings, were so far removed from the common level of reflection and sentiment, that she would have lived an alien even in societies more polished and more intelligent, than that in which she was condemned to dwell. But between the accomplished, the dangerous stranger and herself, she observed certain coincidences of feeling, rather than of opinion ; of sentiment, rather than of idea, more necessary to the state of her heart than any sympathy merely intellectual could be. His manners so polished, so insinuating, so novel in their effect, captivated her fancy : and if the want of a full developement of his character and talents, deprived him of that

power over her mind, which the heroic Osmyn had obtained—that passionate cast of his character, which so nearly resembled the exquisite sensibility of her own—the elegant fondness of his manner, so capable of awakening a reciprocal tenderness; and the refined cultivation of taste and understanding, which so eminently distinguished him, soon became a necessity rather than a relief, and afforded her a resource against the poignancy of her feelings, the tedium of her life, and the ignorance, fatuity, and prejudice of those who surrounded her. Yet so deeply had the disappointment of a first love sunk into her heart, that the reserve, the timidity, the delicacy of her too sensitive character increased, rather than diminished, with the experience she had obtained. She trembled again to hazard her peace by surrendering her very ex-

istence into the possession of another. She felt she was not calculated for the indulgence of a moderate sentiment; and she blushed to acknowledge, even to herself, the full capability of tenderness, which lay secretly stored within her heart. It was thus that the englishman found her involved in all the bashful diffidence of a simple and inexperienced recluse—trembling for herself—fearing for others—systematically suppressing her feelings—impulsively betraying her emotions—modest, yet ardent—timid, yet animated—blushing that she felt, and feeling that she blushed—still cherishing a latent sentiment for one, whom she believed unworthy—still repelling a growing approbation for another, whom she trembled to confide in; not daring to love, yet incapable of indifference. The conduct of the englishman, the freedom of his principles,

which no arbitrary idea of morality could sanction, and which the self esteem and delicate pride of the woman recoiled from, steadied the vibration of her feelings.

Abandoned by him she had adored—insulted by him to whom she had given her esteem, Osmyn and the stranger, strikingly different in their pursuits and habits, their characters and manners, held almost an equal place in her estimation, though not in her heart. It perhaps depended upon the after events of their lives (and above all, upon the feelings by which they suffered their conducts to be governed and regulated), which became the arbitrators of her destiny, and confirmed their own happiness or misery, by the loss or possession of her, who, from the singularity of her character, taken with all its accessary circum-

stances of birth, country, genius, and loveliness, was, when once loved, to be loved for ever!

The departure of the englishman resigned Ida to that tranquil tone of life from which his presence had for an interval withdrawn her; but those feelings, so calculated for strong and varying emotions, resumed not the calm and passive mode into which time, necessity, and the unvaried routine of her recent existence had plunged them.

They were again seen impelled to their original and native bias—they had been again called to love, to pleasure, and to suffering; and they had again been rendered sensible of their own extent and power, and of the inefficiency of every other faculty or circumstance, to bestow true happiness; but such as a free and perfect intimacy with a mind that thinks, and a heart that feels with

our own, bestows; all else is the drapery and contingencies of life: that alone is the spirit and the soul, the principle of felicity, and object of existence. Had not a former and a fatal experience rendered her timid and suspicious—had not the terror of sufferings, such as had already crushed her to the earth, placed a guard upon the sensibility, and taught her to suppress feelings, to restrain hopes already so deceived and blasted, the conduct and departure of the stranger would have plunged her into a misery more profound than that which had already attacked the very principles of her being; for her capabilities for happiness and affliction had matured with her years; and an hourly improvement of intellect and developement of sensibility, rendered a sympathy of mind, and of affection, more necessary to her very life, and gave at once more weakness and more force

to her character, in proportion as tenderness and energy grew, and added to each other's influence.

But Ida, suspicious of herself and him, secured by the brevity of their intercourse, and warned by the freedom of those manners, which increased her modesty and timidity, while they charmed her imagination, did not surrender the tenderness of her heart with the ardent admiration it was impossible to restrain. The englishman never could have excited that character of passion in her bosom which Osmyn had awakened. In her feelings towards the latter, there was more of sublimity—of imagination; her tenderness was not alone devoted to the man, her homage was offered to the hero. She was herself glorified in a passion for an object who stood alone unequalled and unrivalled. The feelings the englishman inspired, and might

have confirmed by time and perseverance, were not of this cast; but they were not without their influence, their interest, and their charm. Ida might have been supremely blest as the elected object of either, but in different degrees. For ever separated from both, in her own belief, betrayed by one, misconstrued by the other, she thought she had the power to subdue the interest that each had excited. With feelings harrassed and exhausted—with a heart wearied and disappointed—with a pride wounded in its dignity—and a delicacy of sentiment that shrunk from a recurrence of the mortifications she had endured, she sought to forget she had any thing to forgive; and no longer wooed back indifference as a comparative relief, but courted its return as a positive good. Yet she felt the loss of that intercourse of mind, that reciprocity

of feeling (even where a perfect coincidence of opinion did not exist), she had lately enjoyed, and felt it with a pang whose acuteness nothing could subdue, but the occurrence of extraordinary and unexpected circumstances, more overwhelming in their influence than even the feelings of regret she still cherished. A few weeks only had followed the departure of the englishman, when every selfish sentiment was lost in anxiety and apprehensions for those, to whose safety and happiness the private and individual feelings of Ida were always offered a voluntary and willing immolation.

It was in the decline of an autumnal evening, that season so dear to the mild affections of the heart, to the tranquil enjoyment of social intercourse, that the family of the archon Rosemeli, assembled in the gymnasium of his daughter, were alarmed by a universal uproar,

and the appearance of the archon and his daughter excites a tumult:—the cries of the clerks, and the staff of the cadi, restore order.

The chief magistrate is seated on a cushion, on the ground: he is smoking his pipe, and twisting his beard, with an air of perfect sang-froid.

A clerk reads aloud the deed of accusation, and the archon is accused of corresponding with the enemies of the porte, of assisting to fit out a vessel for the flotilla of Lambro Canziani, and of other treasonable deeds against the state; which, partly true, and partly false, were merely alleged against him, to furnish the shadow of a pretence for seizing on his property, and despoiling his residence of those valuables which he had displayed with an imprudent extravagance, that thus drew down its own retribution. It was in vain that he

attempted a defence; it was in vain that Ida, speechless and overpowered by a new and unexpected sense of suffering, appeared in tears and in distraction, at the feet of the magistrate; the archon was ordered to the dungeon of the square tower, in the arsenal of Lycurgus; and his death was only delayed till the torture should force from him the secret of his supposed hidden treasures.

To the tower he was followed by his unfortunate daughter; she believed that the keenest sense of all other sorrows was summed up in this. The interest which the misfortunes of a father excite, is so distinct from every other; the instincts of nature—the affections of habit—the sentiment of gratitude, all blend their influence in that dreadful pang, which rends the heart for the sufferings of him to whom we owe ex-

istence, with whom our fate and feelings are so intimately associated.

The prisoner, his daughter, and the guards, had now reached the arsenal of Lycurgus. It is a square and lofty tower, formed of coarse masonry, and its sole entrance is a low iron grate, arched with ponderous stones*. A sentinel is placed before it; his lofty stature—his half-shaded and lowering countenance—the loss of an eye, and a complexion almost as black as the mustachoes which cover the lower part of his face, in depriving Ida of a last hope, nearly deprives her of life and reason. She is terror-struck by the ferocity of his appearance; but when her father enters the subterraneous passage of the tower,

* This tower, according to Chandler, and other travellers, is always used as a place of confinement for state delinquents.

she rushes impulsively after him—the sentinel rudely pushes her back—the turkish officers applaud his vigilance and fidelity—still she is not repulsed. She hears the moan that bursts from her father's heart—she throws herself at the feet of the sentinel, and only intreats to be allowed to share her father's prison—he puts her back with his carabine, and exclaims, "That he must have room to walk; and that if he did his duty, he would fire at the first person he should find lurking about the tower."

Ida raises her eyes to heaven, and walks slowly away; she fears to irritate by importunity, at a moment when she has importunity only to offer. She remembers the venality of the turks, and she bends her feeble steps towards home that she may collect all the money and jewels they possess, as an

offering to the vigilant and ferocious sentinel.

But scarcely had she proceeded as far as the theatre of Bacchus, when a man, stealing from beneath its ruins, beckons her towards him. Ida was in that state of suffering when nothing worse is to be expected, and when the heart clings to every incident as to the foundation of a hope; yet she turned tremblingly towards the person who addressed her.

"Lady," said he, "do you forget the object of your former charity?—I am the poor greek whom a few years back you relieved as I returned from prison with my mother and brothers, after having been liberated by that gallant youth!"—

"Ah!" interrupted Ida, "I know you now!"—And a thousand recollections rushed to her heart, and a torrent of tears flowed from her eyes.

"There is not a moment to be lost!" continued the Greek, looking timidly around him; "trust yourself to me, I will convey you to my hut, where I have already conducted your brothers, and your paramana: it lies near the quarter of the city called Placa; there you will at least find safety for the present!"

"But why not return to my father's house?" cried Ida, while new terrors seized on her imagination.

"Alas, archondessa!" he replied, "it is by this a pile of ruins.—It is despoiled of every thing by order of the chief magistrate.—The turkish soldiers are now pillaging it!"

Ida replied not—she stood mute and motionless. The greek, with an air of respect and compassion, drew her arm through his, and led her on. The darkness of night was falling on every side.

They passed through the city unobserved, and the greek informed her that his brothers were gone to sea, that his mother was dead, that he himself followed the profession of an agojate, or carrier, and that his hut, his mules, and himself, were devoted to her service.

By the very order of things, it is a rare circumstance when a good or evil deed does bring with it, in its result, a concomitant reward or punishment; a principle of right can scarcely produce an effect that does not accord to its own excellence.

Ida wept some gracious tears, to find in the object of her former bounty a friend in her existing sufferings. She was indeed now almost wholly friendless; for a government, radically bad in the very basis of its structure, diffuses its noxious influence upon the most pri-

vate feelings and intimate associations of life; and almost all the ties which time and tenderness had twined round the heart of Ida were now broken through the evil policy under which her unhappy country laboured.

Her nearest kinsman, the old Drogueman, had died of a broken heart during the exile of his son. Stamati, whom the interest of Ida had recalled to his native country, had again voluntarily abandoned it for the service of Russia, and his mother had accompanied him. Many of her relations had been killed in the insurrection, and the imminent danger of her father left her now without a single friend to whom she could venture to apply, save him whom gratitude (that sentiment so consonant to nature) bound to her service.

The wearied, the exhausted, the heart-broken Ida, at last reached the

hut of the honest and grateful Stephaniki.

He led her into a little room, which was faintly illuminated by the embers of a dying fire, over which the paramana was uttering her feeble complaints, and stifled sobs. At sight of Ida she shrieked and rushed into her arms. Ida wept on her maternal bosom, faintly exclaiming, "My brothers!—my beloved, my unfortunate children!"

Kyra led her to a corner of the hut, where, interlaced in each other's arms, they lay asleep on some dried leaves.

"Poor souls!" exclaimed Kyra, "they are almost dead with fear and horror, and have wept themselves asleep!"

Ida stooped, and kissed their brows, and her tears mingled with those which had not yet dried upon their glowing cheeks.

It was in vain that Stephaniki and

Kyra endeavoured to prevail on Ida to take such refreshment, and such repose as the hut of the benevolent carrier afforded; she endeavoured to conceal from them the dreadful agony of her mind, and she at last succeeded in prevailing on them to leave her for a few hours to an undisturbed reflection, that she might ruminate on the conduct it would be best for her to pursue, relative to the liberation of her unhappy father.

Kyra at last lay down beside the children, Stephaniki shared the repose of his mules, and Ida, to recruit her strength, threw herself upon a few dried leaves that strewed the floor of the hut.

It was in this lowly state that the lovely, the pleasurable, and tender greek, who had hitherto only breathed a perfumed air, and sought repose from

couches of the cygnet's down, lost all sight of her own sufferings and helpless situation, in contemplating the miseries and afflictions of those she loved.

She endeavoured to re-animate the latent energies of her being, to collect her scattered senses, and to take relief from the resources of her fruitful and exhaustless mind. She knew that the fluctuating property of her father, like that of the rest of his unhappy countrymen, was almost entirely personal, which commercial exertion had accumulated, which luxury dissipated, and opportunity renewed; this property was now confiscated, and their sole dependance was the fortune deposited by her late uncle in the hands of an english merchant.

But that was of no service in the present instance; and Ida knew that bribery alone could save her father's life.

She had on her bosom a diamond cross, suspended by a chain of gold: the cross and the chain had belonged to her mother; she always wore them beneath her tunick; and as she knew the guards were changed every hour, she hoped that this rich and valuable trinket would obtain an influence over the sentinel of the present watch, which nothing could effect, in her belief, over him whose ferocity had nearly deprived her of life and hope together. To share the prison and the fate of her father, was a comparative good to one who knew there was no evil so insupportable as that which no feeling of sympathy shares or alleviates.

It was midnight: a faint moon shed its beam through the casement of Stephaniki's hut. Ida arose, and wrapping round her the cloak of Kyra, with

a noiseless step she stole from the humble asylum which benevolence and gratitude had afforded her.

When the soul is elevated to a certain degree of feeling—when the heart is agitated by hopes and by fears for an object of its tenderness and love—a force almost supernatural seems communicated to the frame—fatigue is unfelt—exertion is not counted on—and the body appears to become immaterial as the spirit by which it is animated.

Terror for a father's life subdued in Ida every other sense of feeling. She had already walked many miles; but the activity and emotion of her mind divested her of all personal consideration; and naturally timid, delicate, and nervous, she now, without a fear or a feeling for herself, proceeded on her long and lonely way to the prison of her father.

All in Athens was dark, silent, and desolate; its narrow lanes were only lit up at distant intervals by the faint glimmer of a lamp placed before the statue of the sacred Panaghea; and no sound broke on the stillness of the hour, but the distant foot-fall of the turkish patrole, or the hollow cry of the castriani from the battlements of the Acropolis.

She at last approached a cluster of ruins which lay near the arsenal of Lycurgus. Their awful grandeur was intimidating, yet she entered them as the shortest path to the tower. At the same moment a mysterious figure, wrapt in an impenetrable disguise, glided from beneath a broken arch, and passed closely by her. Ida advanced a few steps with an involuntary motion—then paused to recover strength and breath. Every thing around her was calculated

to touch the imagination, and mislead the fancy.

She stood near a range of broken columns, whose shadows were darkly traced on the earth by the pale light of a declining moon, and ere its transient beam was obscured by a mass of clouds, she thought she perceived the shadow of a human form darkening the snowy surface of a marble pediment that lay near her. She started, and turned round; the person who had passed the arch stood behind her; she bounded forward; she cast back a fearful glance, and the figure was involved in the darkness of the ruins; but the moon breaking suddenly through the clouds, again discovered the figure slowly tracing the footsteps of Ida. Her fears and suspicions were now wound up to agony.

"The last moment of my existence

is perhaps arrived," she mentally said, "and I shall die without having saved my wretched father from a dreadful torture, and an ignominious death."

Terror, at once real and fanciful, deprived her of all power to proceed; she paused and clung to a pillar; the figure gently retreated, and beckoned her to follow.

Amazement mingled with the terror of Ida; she withdrew her timid eyes, and attempted to hurry on, when she felt herself arrested by the arm. A faint exclamation broke from her lips. The mysterious stranger endeavoured to lead her back towards the darkest part of the ruins. She struggled with a lingering effort of strength in his grasp.—He released her, pronouncing the word, "Your father," and moved away. This sentence, the motion of retreat that accompanied it, threw her off her guard.

"Lead on," she said; I follow you!" and he proceeded to a gloomy recess which had been part of the cell of an ancient temple: it was strewn with the fragments of broken columns, now partially overgrown with dank grasses and fluviatic weeds. Ida trembled almost to dissolution; yet, with the sound of her father's name still vibrating on her ear—with the hope of his deliverance swelling in her heart, she still followed her mysterious guide; the spirit of the anxious daughter sustaining the timidity of the fearful woman. At last the gloom and silence of the place overcame her—she paused, and faintly said, "I will go no further." The stranger took her hand, and placed his finger on his lip. Thus doubly engaged, the wind, as it rushed through the ruins, blew aside his robe, and Ida, beneath the garb of a dervise, beheld the shewy dress and shining zatagan of a turkish janissary.

She raised her astonished, her fearful glance, and met the terrific eye that scowled on her a few hours before from under the turban of the turkish sentinel.

She believed her death inevitable, and she fell to the earth. The stranger raised her in his arms—he placed her on the fragment of a pillar; and his hand, as it clasped her's, trembled with an emotion that Ida believed to proceed from a transient struggle between guilt and conscience. A minute had nearly elapsed in a state that seemed to vibrate between life and death. Ida was speechless, and her companion seemed not inclined to break a silence so awful and impressive. It was interrupted by the sound of many voices—a guard of soldiers entered the ruins. Feelings of instinct now over-ruled every other in the bosom of Ida; and that she might suffer an immediate and an easy death, was the

only thought or hope that occupied her fainting heart; but the guard had passed close by the entrance of the cell, without seeming even to observe its singular inhabitants. The last echo of their footsteps died away—the hand of Ida still trembled in that of her companion—his glance was rivetted on her face—all was inexplicable mystery. He arose, and led her back in silence to the entrance of the ruins, and putting a paper into her hand, said, in a low and deep voice, "Return from whence you came," and instantly plunged into the deepest obscurity of the ruins.

Ida stood for a considerable time motionless; she could not collect her senses—she doubted their evidence; and yet raised her heart and eyes to heaven, in the fervor of a gratitude that involved every other feeling: her hopes, though vague, were cheering; and her

fears were lost in amazement and in joy. She rather flew than touched the earth; and twice, as she cast back an eager look, she beheld the figure, the mysterious dervise, following her at a distance. She no longer looked on him as a persecuting spirit, but as a guardian angel.

She at last reached the hut of Stephaniki. She had been nearly two hours absent—its inhabitants still slept. She trimmed a lamp that burnt on the hearth, and took the sybil leaf from her bosom; a ring fell as she opened it: it was a ring her father always wore; and the few lines the paper contained, were written with a pencil in his hand. They were as follows:

"My child! in a moment of dreadful extremity, heaven has vouchsafed us its protection. On receipt of this,

for so many of the relatives of those who had assisted the Russians had been put to death in Greece, that the lives of Rosemeli's children hung upon a thread almost as fragile as that by which his own was suspended.

Stephaniki immediately busied himself in preparing his mules; while Kyra, with the cautious foresight of a prudent housewife, filled his borachio, or water-bag, with provisions for their little journey. Rice-cakes, dried olives, and a flask of vin-de-loi, were all that the stores of Stephaniki afforded; and these Kyra carefully collected; while Ida, alone, still trembled between her hopes and fears, with all the tender, though concealed perturbation which touches the heart of woman, where the feeling and the fate of its dearest affections are concerned.

The athenian boys, early taught to

NOTES

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

(a) p. 5. The subjects of the Ottoman empire, to avoid their estates falling into the hands of the grand signors, call the heir of their adoption, the child of their soul, and a writing is drawn up by the cadi, which secures him the bequest.

(b) p. 62. The following eloquent and pathetic paragraph is copied from the manifesto, which was written in modern Greek, and in Italian: "We hope to deliver, from the hands of the cruel Mahomedans, our empire, which they have usurped; our patriarchate, and our holy religion, which they have profaned; to rescue the descendants of Athens, and of Lacedemon, from the tyrannic yoke of ignorant barbarians, under which a nation, whose genius is not extinguished, still groans—a people, glowing with the love of liberty, whom the iron chains of barbarism have not degraded—who have constantly before their

curb and manage the most unruly steed, were fully adequate to master the mules of Stephaniki.

The eldest was his sister's cavalier; the youngest an arch boy, and not averse to the charge, took Kyra behind him. Stephaniki, laden with the borachio, took the lead as guide; and the misty grey of a faint dawn, favoured the departure of the fugitives.

They soon cleared the suburbs of Athens, and found themselves in the plain by which it is surrounded. Still were their eyes incessantly turned back; but the tears which dimmed their glance, sprung not alone from timid apprehensions; for though friendless, unfortunate, and proscribed—they were still Athenians!

eyes the images of their ancient heroes, and by whose example their warriors are animated. Our magnificent ruins speak forcibly to our minds, and proclaim our pristine grandeur—our innumerable ports—our beautiful country—the sky serenely smiling on us through the year—the ardour of our youth, and even of those advanced in age, all attest that nature is not less bounteous to us than to our progenitors."

(c) p. 87. " Limbona porta les plaintes des grecs et les preuves des violences qu'on les avoit faite un kislar-aga a qui les revenús d'Athenes apportient.

" Il optenu tout a qu'il vouler, fit mettre quelques-unes des aga's en galere, les priverent de toutes leur charges et les fit banir d'Athenes. Limbona y revint triomphant."

SPON.

(d) p. 117. Marriage is purely a civil act, according to the laws of Turkey; and it is not even necessary that the bride should be present at the ceremony.

END OF VOL. III.

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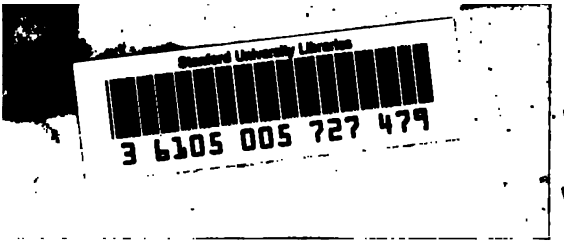

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